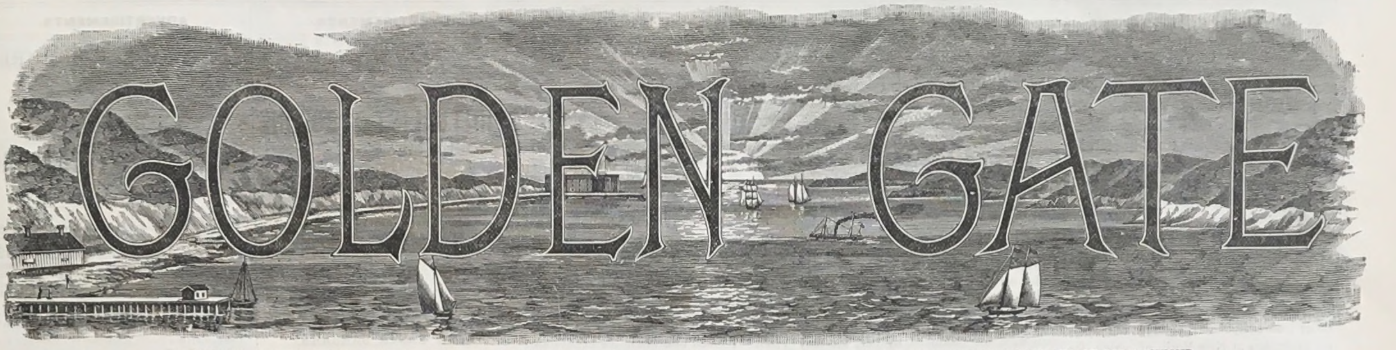


A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. IX. | J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager, Flood Building, Market Street. | SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889. | TERMS (In Advance): $2.50 per annum; $1.25 for six months. | NO. 18.

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A cheerful heart is more to be valued than all the riches of the world without cheerfulness.

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A man's life is, to an observer, a bird's-eye view of the institutions at which he has been educated.

Truth is a pearl that will aways be found, although it may be hidden in the closest mussel shells.

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We have too low an estimate of human nature when we imagine that it will respond only to self-interest. It is rather that we have not faith enough in the truth, and have not learned the secret so inspiring noble motives and pure desires.

HON. JOHN B. WOLFE.

A Wonderfully Beautiful Test.

Editor of Golden Gate:

A few evenings ago a miner interested in this camp (Ore Grande) was spending the evening with us in our shanty, and among other topics of discourse and colloquy we discussed the comparative merits and abilities of quite a number of eastern Spiritualists—among them John B. Wolfe, late of Washington, D. C. When the gentleman asked me if I knew John B. Wolfe, "Yes," I said, "I know him well and have for many years. He and I were Methodist preachers in West Virginia—I was a mere boy and he a grown man and a strong preacher. He was converted to Spiritualism through phenomena and I trudged along with much more zeal for Methodism than knowledge of philosophy. When I was in Washington, D. C., fillng an engagement in 1876-7 he resided there and was often in the meeting, and at the close of the lecture would grasp my hand cordially and slap me on the shoulder familiarly and say: "Well, Timothy, my son, these meetings are better than our old-time camp-meetings; and we used to think they were pretty good." He is now President of the society of Spiritualists in Washington, I believe.

Then my guest said, "I knew him well in New York city. He was an eccentric man but very smart." "Yes," I said, "he is one of our ablest writers on spiritual philosophy." The gentleman to whom I refer is not a Spiritualist, and sometimes engages in some hard sayings about Spiritualism, and calls himself "An Irish Pagan." But in spite of all this he is a natural sensitive; a clairvoyant, clairaudient, etc., and can't help it.

On the evening referred to, while we were talking about Jno. B. Wolfe, it seems that the risen spirit-man called in at my humble home, and made himself known to my visitor and would have given me a message through my friend, the miner, if he had not been such an "Irish Pagan" as he is. He said nothing, then and there, but the next day when talking to my wife on these matters and opposing her in her Spiritual faith he poohed at the whole thing, and said, in substance: "Now, Mrs. Taylor, to show you that there is not a word of truth in these spiritual phenomena that you all talk about so much and rave over so, let me tell you something. Last night while the doctor was talking about John B. Wolfe, I imagined I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder and looking towards the doctor I saw John B. Wolfe as plainly as I ever saw him, and heard him say, "I am not the President of the Washington society of spiritualists now, Brother Taylor; I am here," etc. "Now you see," he continued, "I saw, felt and heard that man, as I thought, and he is probably at home, alive and well, the President of the society at Washington,"

"Well, maybe not now," said my wife in her brisk way. "You wait awhile and see; maybe he has passed over! You don't know, and you are such an Irish Pagan—don't be so hasty!" etc. "Well, there is nothing to it. It's all nonsense and can be accounted for without any spirits," replied my mining companion. The next day he took the train for Los Angeles. The same train that bore him away, brought the *National View*. As usual, I looked it over, and nearly the first thing I saw was "John B. Wolfe, one of the noted men of this country has passed over." "There," I said, "what will my 'Irish Pagan' say to that?" I wrote it all to him by the next mail and by return of mail I have a beautiful letter from him full of sweet sayings and a message to me from John B. Wolfe. Without permission I make some extracts from my friend's letter, hoping it will bless some hungry or thoughtful soul:

THE LETTER.

"*Dear Doctor*:—I have come from the post office to open your letter, and read of the death of John B. Wolfe, who when living in the happy days of long ago, was very near to me in friendship. I was much attached to him and I know he loved me. I am shocked to know that I may never more hear his kind voice or see his kind good face. I have been hoping that the tide of my adverse fortune, would ere long turn, so that I might go to see those who were my good friends in other days. But here comes the news of Brother Wolfe's demise; and I have just heard to-day of the sudden death of another good, true and loyal friend in San Francisco. He was well and strong and happy one week ago; walking down Kearney street, he saw some nice grapes and purchased some, and as he sauntered along ate them. In a few days God took him to his better keeping, and left me again to sorrow, for I truly love my friends and grieve to lose them. I verily feel desolate at times—fortune lost—gone, friends, good friends, that I had in every part of the world, leaving me one by one, while I am struggling with adverse fate in the desert hills, in the endeavor to again win fortune. Poor good Mr. Tom Brassy, who shared with me the delights of a cruise in the 'Sunbeam,' died just a few months ago—and from away yonder in Del-Sur, in the dream land of myth and mystery, comes the sad, sad news, that Senior Don Hosea Weisse, my companion of a four-thousand mile horse-back ride, has been carried away on the 'White Horse,' to solve the greatest of all mysteries. I am fearful that by the time I get a fortune again my friends will nearly all have left me alone, to totter along to the banks of the same river they have crossed. Well, I suppose I must be a philosopher, and not weep for them since Heaven's joys *shame* Earth's delights. Indeed I hope heaven is all that good people believe it to be.

"Now as to the presence that evening; may it not have been my imagination? may it not have been a coincidence only? I am quite disturbed about it. Brother Wolfe, (as I always called him,) was so palpably before me! I can not understand or account for it; I guess you understand these strange things better than I. It may be that he was in reality with us, he seemed to be. He had that same old wise look that said to you: "John B. Wolfe *knows what he is talking about*." He seemed glad to see me—very glad, and you too, but he could not make you know it. He wanted me to be passive that he might, through me, tell you some things. Well, I could not believe it was he, I could not realize that he was a spirit, since we had not heard of his death. Well, he was an honest and good man, and deserves the reward of happiness.

"My San Francisco friend died from the paris green that was on the grapes. No fruit should be eaten that is not thoroughly washed.

"Now as to yourself, don't worry, or fear; worry dulls the appetite, and fear is the twin of death. I hope you may soon be able to go into a quiet retreat and complete your literary work."

On another sheet he added a post script, as follows: "What a strange message I had to write just now, 12 o'clock, at night, I cannot help it." There followed the message:

"Hearken ye unto me, Oh! Timothy! Get thou thy house in order! Do thou thy work well and wisely! The gates are ajar to give thee entrance. Thou hast scarce two years before thee. Subdue discontent that the sunlight of angel love may reach thee. Thy brother in Christ,

John B. Wolfe."

These references will be more fully explained hereafter. John. B. Wolfe, in the early part of his life was a Methodist minister of considerable note. He distinguished himself in a joint discussion with Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Va., was a prominent figure in the Kansas border troubles, and a leading Spiritualist for many years. I think he was President of the first society in Washington at the time of his death. Very respectfully,

T. B. Taylor, M. D.

Ore Grande, Cal., Oct. 27.

They say to me, "God will punish you forever, if you do these things." Very well. I will settle with him. I had rather settle with him than any one of his agents. I do not like them very well. In theology I am a granger—I do not believe in middle-men. What little business I have with Heaven I will attend to myself."—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

The most ignorant are the most conceited. Unless a man knows that there is something more to be known his inference is, of course, that he knows everything. But let a man know that there are things to be known of which he is ignorant, and it is so much carved out of his domain of universal knowledge.—*Mann.*

"My Darling."

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

You don't know who that is, dear friends, do you? Well, if Mr. Owen will permit, I so gladly will tell you, but he may think it of insufficient interest to his readers to give it space. The above caption is none other than my mother! My blue-eyed, fair-haired, gentle-mannered, smiling mother! Why I should speak of her to you I do not know, unless that at this moment I am so surrounded and suffused by her delightful influence, and also because I feel the "mother" theme one of universal interest, one whose soulful melodies waken tender and most sacred response within the breast of every mortal.

Years ago, such long, lonely years, thirty-six of them, despite "my darling's" mental anguish and resistance to the approaching change, the skill of physicians, and the efforts of loving, anxious kindred and friends, her gentle spirit took its flight. I will not tarry at this heart-breaking scene, nor attempt to depict the desolation of the surviving parent and orphaned children, myself the youngest and only girl, at the tender age of twenty-one months. Ah, my dear friends, had that been your mother, and a rarely affectionate one, just what your peculiar, clinging nature required; if through childhood, into womanhood, you had languished for her love, for a resting place for tired head and sorrowing heart, for an ever ready ear to your overflowing confidences; if over your earthly pathway there had never gleamed one ray of that maternal brightness and comfort your soul ever craved, and then, after years of painful illness and almost despair, through the much abused phenomena of Spiritual Truths, had broken suddenly and clearly upon your soul, your life, *your all*, this one desired light, far eclipsing all its fancied brilliancy, oh, would *you* not desire to tell it? Particularly to those whose hearts are enkindled by the same blessed philosophy, and possibly, under similar circumstances. How, when a wee, small child, I used to steal apart from the family, and holding her dear counterpart in my tiny hands, gaze into those azure orbs, drink in her loving smile, and kiss her silent lips, and then, with throbbing heart, go to the window, and scan the clear blue heavens to see if I might not somewhere discover her pure spirit hovering near her child!

It had never occurred to me then, as in later years, when under the ban of cruel orthodoxy, that she could possibly have gone to a less elevated or beautiful place. Oh, had I then known what now is an unceasing reality, how my poor, little, starved soul would have thrilled and rejoiced. How, as now, when I retired to my bed at night, I would have listened for that "still, small voice," instead of shuddering with fear at the ugly knot in the unfinished "chamber roof" that looked like an ogre who had horrible designs upon me. Now when in steep and dangerous places, she holds the charmed wand that guides me safely through and restores me to pleasant paths. I have her earth-face in a frame over my couch, where, under its tranquilizing influence, do I often experience a baptism of strength and courage, and receive a benediction of peace. There do I find the happiness my soul craves, and gain also the loftiest heights my mortal being ever hoped to reach. My thoughts, under her tender gaze, are purified, my passions assuaged, and my emotions refined. And so does she sweeten my earthly cup, so does she daily enlarge its capacity, so does she often cause me to wish my arms were sufficiently large and strong to cradle this suffering world. All this is she to me, and so much more that human expression is inadequate to convey. So am I not forgiven for thus speaking of her whose influence is always to draw me nearer to your spirits, and to the welfare of every human being—to cause me to wish and work that you may have the best in this life and in the life to come? Her spirit name is Thursaline, from "the limpid eye." You will recognize us when we meet on that beautiful shore, (as I am sure many of the participators in the Golden Gate will do, and perpetuate the friendship so pleasantly begun) for very near her side will be found her once orphaned, but now restored child.

Los Angeles, November, 1889.

THE FUTURE OF OUR STATE.

BY LELAND STANFORD.

[S. F. Examiner.]

The future of the State of California will equal in its greatness the capacity of the human intelligence for expansion. Nowhere are the conditions of life happier and better; no place on the globe contains so fully the resources necessary for the physical and intellectual improvement of mankind.

The faculty for advantageously using the resources of nature, which is only bounded by the almost illimitable range of human conception, is all that is needed to place this State in the position it is possible for her to occupy—the land of the highest development of human comfort and intellectuality.

To advance that time was my object in founding the institution at Palo Alto which bears the name of my son. I was satisfied when I provided for this institution, that all education tends to the physical as well as the intellectual advancement, and what man does for education he does for civilization. Any education does this, but I hope to have more from my institution. I want to improve the methods of education.

I was struck by a remark that Professor Agassiz made to me when he was here and examined the great glacier. I asked him if he thought that it would ever be accounted for. He answered that it would. He said that when the system of education was so much improved that the knowledge of the mineralogist, the geologist, the paleontologist and the astronomer were combined in one person the theory would be understood.

We had quite a lengthy discussion about education that impressed me very much, and when I recall that the sources of supply of the wants, both physical and intellectual, are inexhaustible, it seems to me it should be the aim of education to teach man to utilize the forces that are around him.

If every person in the world had luxurious surroundings; if everyone had an elegant home with all its accompaniments, still the sources of supply from which it all came would not be materially affected; that is, the mines and fields and cultivation of the soils that give us these things would not be appreciably lessened. I have great fatih in man's power to perfect his control of the forces that surround him.

Already the discovery of the power of steam and the way to convert it has added immensely to the power of production, though nearly all of the labor-saving inventions have been brought into use during the present century. How immeasurably this power of production has been increased in the last fifty years is beyond conception.

It was centuries before Watts noticed the throbbing of the boiling water in the tea-kettle and gave us one of the natural forces that we have controlled to a limited extent. So with the element of electricity—to what extent we can control it cannot be told, but we have reason to hope for great things from this great power. With this increase of the power of production the time will come when every provident and industrious man may have all the comforts and luxuries that are now only within the reach of the rich. Labor properly distributed and aided will do even more for the intellectual requirements of man than for his physical needs. Physical needs are small in relation to the intellectual requirements, for while the former are limited, the latter are capable of indefinite expansion. Our capacity for intellectual pleasures increases with our enjoyment of them. It is not so with the physical. A man's mind can never be filled to repletion, or his appetite for beauty and art satiated.

In view of these things I wish my school more especially directed to the investigation and teaching of how to control the forces of nature—how to make the elements the servants of man—from the kindergarten pupils to the post-graduate who may have a desire for deeper investigations.

My aim is to make the education very general in character, and particularly, I want the students to understand that labor is respectable and that idleness is disreputable. We propose to fit the student, so

Continued on Sixth Page.

Dr. Ashburner on Psychic Science.

[Buchanan's Journal of Man.]

The late Dr. Ashburner was one of the most vigorous and independent thinkers of London—one of the few who, with Dr. Elliotson, manfully battled against professional bigotry and ignorance. In reply to some very absurd newspaper articles he made an effective response, from which I quote the following, with the more pleasure as it mentions the name of Mrs. Dr. Hayden, a talented physician, and one of the noblest women I have ever known, who, after introducing Spiritualism in England, enlightening the famous Robert Owen, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and many other eminent persons, entered the medical profession at New York, of which, for the rest of her life, she was an honored member. Her practice was so successful that her name was forgotten for some years by the Board of Health because she had no deaths to report:

"I have a great difficulty to contend with in advocating the existence and powers of unseen intelligences, or spiritual beings, from the facts relating to the operations of the human will not being credited by great numbers of persons believing themselves to be philosophers. It may be that there is no possible mode of intercourse known to the inhabitants of the upper magnetic spheres than the employment of the will, a magnetic force or agent in the production of the raps, which appear to be, when carefully listened to, vibrations or disturbances of magnetic relations between the molecules of the wood, glass, or other substance whence the sounds would seem to reverberate.

"We know well that the guiding the hand of a writing medium is quite analogous to many an experiment that has been made by my friend, Mr. Thompson, of Fairfield, and myself. If, in sitting in an omnibus, or in a railroad carriage, I have been able by the force of my will to make a person sleep, and for the purpose of establishing the existence of this power I have repeatedly made persons fall asleep in these vehicles; if sitting near or opposite to a passenger I have induced that person to put a hand into mine, or to do other ridiculous things—and I have often done this—I have established an important truth. I have often by the exertion of my will obliged a person who was two miles distant from me to sleep instantly, and to continue asleep from eleven at night until seven in the morning, thus influencing a poor wretched victim of insanity for her good, not only at the instant, but setting up a train of tonic forces in her nervous system which lasted eight hours. I have, by the force of will, obliged individuals to come to me from places at a distance of two miles, hastening over the ground at a quick pace. I know that Mr. Thompson has done the same thing, the distance being much greater; and he has influenced persons to sleep at two hundred miles.

"In Mr. Spurrell's little book on the Rationale of Mesmerism, a fact is recorded of a person being willed to come from Norwich to London. I do not find it so hard to believe that the spirit of my father can, by his will, guide my hand to write sentences, the matter of which was not only not in my head a second before, but of which most often I cannot guess the purport, while my passive hand is guided in the formation of the letters. If you had become a writing medium and had communicated as I have done with old friends long departed from this earth, you would perforce cease to disbelieve in the phenomena, and you would derive enjoyment from the knowledge that those who were your attached friends still live, to be developed into intelligences even more pure and refined than they were here.

"Who could have been a nobler or a finer character than the late Professor Macartney, of the University of Dublin? Large in intellect, he was necessarily free in thought. High in moral qualities, he was the most strictly honorable and conscientious man I ever intimately knew, and many a pupil and many a friend will vouch for his generosity and for the warmth of his attachment. His acquirement and his industry—such is the force of example—give a noble tone to the studies it was his lot to superintend. Is it not a source of exquisite enjoyment to be certain of being able to renew, even by the aid of the *undignified* telegraph, one's former affectionate intercourse with such a friend?

"I had the misfortune to lose my father fifty-five years ago. Although I was but a child I have a vivid remembrance of him. By the natives of Bombay he was more than respected. He was venerated for his high talents, and for his great goodness. Is it nothing to feel that such an intelligence is able to make his ideas clear to his son? But you will ask, 'What proof have you of the identities of these persons?' This brings me to narrate to you the events of the first evening I spent in the presence of Mrs. Hayden.

"I had always regarded that class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as a matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of ideality and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of phrenology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exist on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double failing of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square, in order to witness the spirit manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expectiug to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was receiving a long communication from his wife whom he had lost under melancholy circumstances of childbed some years ago, watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively, and with the severest scrutiny, I finally satisfied myself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters of the alphabet, which written down in succession constituted words forming a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching words, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given birth when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvelous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and therefore he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

"I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successively placed myself in various chairs, in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself relatively to her in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and in fact I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness or folly for me to suspect her of any fraud or trickery.

"There are some people who think themselves uncommonly clever and astute when they suspect their neighbors of fraud and delinquency. It may be wisdom to be not too soft and credulous, but depend upon it the statistics of the existence of roguery and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be bad enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than evil in the human heart—I should say the human brain—society would not hold together as it does.

"I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villainy and knavery of his brethren as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of surrounding circumstances operating upon the bad moral organizations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pitied than blamed. As for Mrs. Hayden, I have so strong a conviction of her perfect honesty, that I marvel at any one who could deliberately accuse her of fraud.

"In order to obtain an experience of the phenomena in the fairest manner I asked Mrs. Hayden to inform me whether it was requisite to think of one particular spirit with whom I wished to converse. 'Yes.' 'Well, I am now thinking of one.' It was the spirit of my father whom I wished to enlighten me. No raps on the table. I had anticipated an immediate reply, but there was for awhile none. Mrs. Hayden asked if there was any spirit present who knows Dr. Ashburner. Immediately, close to my elbow, on the table, there were two distinct successions of gentle rapping sounds.

"The next question was, 'Was the spirit he wished to converse with present?' 'No.' 'Was there anyone present who would endeavor to bring it?' 'Yes.' 'Are the spirits who rap near Dr. Ashburner friends of whom he is thinking?' 'No.' 'Will they give their names?' 'Yes.' These replies were signified by rappings to questions put, some audibly, some mentally.

"Mrs. Hayden suggested that I should take up the alphabet which was printed on card. I took the card into my hand and pointed at each individual letter with the end of a porcupine quill—my friend, Mr. Hoyland, the gentleman of the house, kindly undertaking to put down on paper for me the letters distinguished by the raps. When I arrived at a letter which the spirit desired to indicate, a rapping took place; but at all the other letters there was a complete silence. In this manner I obtained the letters successively Ann Hurry, the name of one of the most beautiful and accomplished, as well as pious and excellent persons I had ever known. I had not seen her since 1812. She married two years after, and died in 1815. My father and most of the members of the family had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with several branches of the Hurry family, and I had in youth and childhood known Ann and her cousins as companions and playfellows. By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavored to describe, I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years. I learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit-world.

"My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was Elizabeth Maurice, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister—another almost angelic being while on earth, but now with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in paradise. The author of the 'Invalid's Book,' and some other works, testifying to a pure, gentle and refined taste, conversed with me awhile; and at last a loud and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained by the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit-home, and the raps indicated '7th September, 1798.' I asked him where the event took place, and I obtained the answer 'At Bombay.' I asked his age at the time, with many other questions, the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversaton with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him which I subjoin:

"'*My dear Son:* I am delighted to have this privilege of communicating with you, hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject, to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of Heaven and earth. It is He who permits us to make these manifestations through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. *Do not doubt* what I now say.

"'Your affectionate father,

"'WILLIAM ASHBURNER.'

"I am giving you a short narrative of the first part of my course of experience of the Spirit Manifestations. It is important not to be too diffuse. I am desirous of showing that if the subject be investigated in a calm and bold frame of mind, there is no danger of the bad tendencies which have been so fiercely deprecated.

"I cannot express to you the influence on my mind produced by the facts, rapped out by alphabetical signals, that my spirit-friends, Ann and Elizabeth, knew of their cousins Hannah and Isabella having called a few days before at my house at twelve o'clock, and that they knew I was going from Mr. Hoyland's house to 17 Palace Gardens, Kensington. They knew the persons I should see there; and on being asked if they were acquainted with any other persons residing in Palace Gardens, Ann replied to me that her cousin, Henry Goodeve, lived at No. 2—a house he had not long before purchased.

"If these be not facts demonstrative of a future state of existence, in which friends of former days are now cognizant of the events occurring here, I do not know what will be sufficient to force your mind to a conviction. But these are only a small part of the numerons proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have in subsequent seances had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding this earth—intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turned out to be marvelously true."

That's So.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"Take test mediumship out of the cause, and all the lecturers on the philosophy of Spiritualism would have to close their halls."—GOLDEN GATE, Nov. 9, 1889.

That is so, friend Owen. Spiritualism owes its origin and continued existence to phenomena, in the same degree that surgery owes its origin and continued existence to anatomy. All science is based on three terms, namely, fact, observation, and reason. This is the creed of the test medium and the trinity of Spiritualism; and why Spiritualism is a science, and cannot die. A. S. H.

Religio-Harmonial Society.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. S. R. Stevens closed a successful engagement last week with the Religio-Harmonial Society and leaves Nov. 11th, for San Bernardino, Cal., where she will stop a short time, going thence to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and to her old home in San Francisco.

The Religio-Harmonial Society closed their meetings for a few weeks but will resume them soon in a new hall which is being fitted up for it.

Mrs. Ada Foy is lecturing Sundays in Music Hall and giving sittings during the week at her rooms and having good success. F. P. BAKER.

Topeka, Kans., Nov. 7, 1889.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

---OF---

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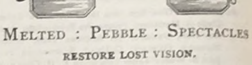
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From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light.] by Spirit Saidie, one of the Guardians of Higher Life.]

Saidie greets each and every one with a love born in the heaven of heavens. Dear ones in the earth valleys, you who feel you are not of this earth, and its burthens are heavy to bear, Saidie brings to each the peace that emanates from their own homes, where your spirits have bathed in the sunlight of the Eternal, as you walked its pathways, crowned with its glory. Saidie sees that many earth spirits can not receive this light, for as yet they have not tasted the cup of experience that will be held to their lips, from which they must drink, e'en as have you, ere they scale the mountain heights becoming superior to matter. Mind wedding with matter, ere it become masterful, and able to claim its inheritance in the Fatherland, must dwell upon each world where the Law of Divine Progress has set its seal. One experience, or even many upon one world is not sufficient to lead the soul away where incarnation has no power. Saidie and the wisdom guides have no purpose in their hearts but to lead the children home, who have wandered through the ages, gleaning from one harvest field to another the forces and wisdom that will crown them heirs of immortality.

Take the history of the world as it has come to you from far away. It tells of rise and fall, of right ever struggling to gain the mastery over wrong, of slavery and freedom, of life and death, with their lessons, that are endless; aye almost powerless in their effect on humanity. One might well question, will this conflict ever end? Will mankind willingly learn to walk life's better way, leaving lesser good to perish by the way side, and fall into the grave of oblivion to be forever forgotten? There is need of experience in the human soul, but there exists not one need of the degradation and folly that usurps the very Throne of God. Dear ones, it has even been the purpose of Saidie and others to teach purity and justice, to inculcate principles of right, and give freely of the Bread of heaven. Well she knows that only the few can receive these things, for only the few are willing to uproot all that is evil, and plant the seed of heaven-born love and purity. If we search the records of the Most High, that we may find something for which the human soul has greatest need, what will be received that there stands as a monument of the wisdom and light of the ages? Matehood revealed in part in your written history of the creation; the love of God, the Father hidden away neath the debris, man delights to heap upon the most sacred jewels a God can bestow upon his children: the Law that governs and rules, trampled under the feet of priestly power that fain would usurp the rights of every child of the Infinite; all these has Saidie ever sought to place in their right and true light before her children. Mankind must through the law of his own being, come into his own possessions, this is inevitable. No power of man-made law or covenant can hold from you, children of the Infinite, the knowledge which exists, and is your heritage, your minds will reach far and grasp these things, as naturally as the bud will expand and grow in the sunlight.

Saidie has given no unnatural explanation of Law, but she has looped back the curtains that reveal the real, the actual, existing beyond mortal conditions, wakening memories in many a soul, that are beyond the cavil of minds yet slumbering neath the robes of mortality. No one who knows of the guardian walking celestial fields, mingling with the white-robed ones, arrayed in purity, can stoop to soil their earth garments with the taint of evil, when they know that even among the guardians their standing is known by the radiance of the robes worn by the immortal part of their own soul. Such is true, dear ones, loved by an angel, who would willingly pursue a course that will cause shadows to encompass the heart, and cast their shade upon garments otherwise pure and radiant with the sheen of far away skies. They who watch and guard in the heavens have oft returned from nearing the battle-grounds with down-cast eyes, and heavy hearts, bearing a burthen the earth-pilgrim little knew. Saidie would not imply that all guardians dwell in the higher spheres. There are as many who have little knowledge, who know not of the higher heavens, and have no care beyond the sphere in which they live. Such are content to wear robes similar to those worn by the pilgrim passing through the vales. They have little fervor or desire to lead the earth soul to higher conceptions of life, but are content to live very near the mortal, partaking the experiences, not gleaning the lessons. There have been many, whose mate in the better land has fallen asleep, to waken in materiality, whose spirit has become enveloped in the mists thereof, until the light that should shine has been hidden, for a time, and while the guardian must feel this deeply, yet the scenes of the past are not forgotten. The home with its souvenirs of the happy past, the waning sight, the falling asleep, the partial waking in a land where little is known of the real, the true; then the looking forward to the yet to be, brings a tide of peace, ceaseless, abiding, that enables the immortal to bide the time in gladness, knowing waking time will surely come, when the soul will gather up the threads lain down, and will remember all.

Many a heart-pang might be spared, many a stain is needlessly thrown upon the robes that should glisten and shine with the glory of the Far-away. Children, no myth is given to you, no will-o'wisp that will vanish leaving you alone in a night of darksome terror. Saidie askes all to look and search for truth with the light of reason. Allow no taint of lesser good to tarnish the purity of garments you will wear by and by. All earthly good may fail you, earthly treasures may perish, but of one thing be assured, you will pass into the unseen; let it not be the unknown. Learn to look upon life as a gift from the bountiful hand of the All Wise, bestowed for a high and holy purpose. If you must battle with evil, overcome. There is a Mighty Power that will bless this earth and make it a paradise. The responsibility rests on each and every individual to make earth a dwelling-place of happiness. Saidie looks o'er her little flock and she sees many are bound with fetters they fain would break. Children, Saidie will help you to master conditions, will help you to live a life of happiness, even brightness, overcoming as you go on toward life's setting sun, leaving each day a record of which you may be justly proud in time to come. There are hearts of whom this world is not worthy, struggling and bearing. The seal of the Angels is placed upon such. The time is not long, e'en though the days seem weary; the end shall come, and then the forevers will open their pearly gates, disclosing the well earned treasures you have gleaned e'en with heavy hearts. Saidie would see each one content, doing their best with willing hands, knowing you are planting a banner that will ever remain. You knew ere you came for what purpose you were to dwell in the earth valleys. Each one to whom comes an opening of memory, has stood before Saidie and responded a glad "Amen" to the baptism that fell upon you. Let each one bravely do their work, making the most of this life and the blessing of Angels will follow you to its close. Peace be with you,

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, Oct. 14th, 1889.

Letter from a Little Girl.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I am only a little girl and yet I am a Spiritualist; it has been my privilege to attend quite a number of seances. Maybe the readers of your paper will feel interested in reading an account of one which I attended with two young boys named Walter and Angelo Briggs at the house of Mrs. Hurst-Hunt. We commenced by singing, "I have a papa in the spirit land." We first saw lights moving about in the room; but I forgot to say that the room was made dark, and Mrs. Hunt sat right up in one corner of the room, and we three little ones sat up near enough to her so that no one could possibly get into that little quarter circle which we made without our knowing it. "White Dove," the medium's control, soon came and said, "How do, papooses;" soon we saw lights like crowns and different things floating in the air; then my little control, "Morning Star," came. She said, "Stand up and see who is the tallest," I did so and I was a little taller than she was, I asked her for a piece of her dress, she could not give it at that time, but would at another seance. She placed a crown of light on my head; she conversed also with the boys; I think she is just awful nice and lovely. Then came "Snow-maiden," Walter's control. She was about the height of "Morning Star;" she said she was lost in the snow and passed into spirit life. She said when she came again she would tell more of her history. Little Angelo's aunty came and walked around with him, wrapping him up in her gauze-like mantle, then Gracie the spirit sister of the boys came and sang, "We have a sister in the spirit land," with us, then she said "Maizie, I have a song I want to sing to you," and she sang all alone, "You have a papa in the spirit land."

My papa came and talked with me; a lovely little spirit named "Mabel," who calls my mamma, "Aunty Mamma," came at the same time with "Morning Star," Well I, we little ones, had a good time with the angels and we don't care how much skeptics say it is fraud.

I think I have written enough; please excuse any mistakes I have made. But I want to ask you if you wont have a children's column in your paper? Certainly there must be many Spiritualists children who would have something to write if they were invited to do so.

MAIZIE V. ANDROSS.

Los Angeles, Nov. 4, 1889.

[Of course, any little girl or boy who writes as well as you do, is always welcome to enter our GOLDEN GATE.—ED. G. G.]

Jimmie was the brightest of boys, and having evinced a love for wealth, looked forward to the time when he would be a rich man. One morning, at breakfast, his aunt informed him that during the night twins had been added to the family, which already consisted of three besides Jimmie. The boy dropped his knife and fork and exclaimed: "Great Scott! Aunt Mary, if father and mother keep on at this rate, there won't be fifty dollars to divide amongst us."

A beautiful woman is a queen before whose sceptre all men bow.

THE *Sun* has discovered that "the younger Presbyterian ministers wish for a more popular and more comfortable toaching. The old one offends the sensibilities of their congregations and their own. They prefer to teach salvation as open to all men; but how can they do that when their articles of faith expressly declare that there is no freedom of the will for man, that it belongs to God alone, and that every man's fate was determined from tqe beginning by the unchanging and unchangeable decree of the Almighty?" "Yet without this dogma," the *Sun* declares, the whole "Confession lacks coherency; and the foundations upon which the creed rests will be gone when that awful doctrine is removed. An era of faithlessness will come in, and Presbyterianism and agnosticism will draw near together." There are no grounds for the pessimistic conclusion of our contemporary. This change is going on in the Presbyterian Church, not because of a decline of faith, but rather because of a nobler and larger faith which renders the earlier belief impossible. It is the old unethical and irrational beliefs which drive men into agnosticism, not the more enlightened faith of a more lsberal Christianity.—*Christian Register.*

An Ohio lady is the mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen a few minutes, the child remarked: "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

New strength can often be gained by changing the surroundings, the companion, the every-day influences, and bringing to bear others of a different and better type. What can be done by direct volition can often be accomplished by indirect means.

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Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. OWEN, Manager.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The drift of civilization is in the direction of the enlargement of the field of human reason. The time was when to think outside of a certain prescribed formula was heresy, punishable with all manner of pious cruelty. That time has past. There is nothing now too venerable with age, or too sacred with tradition, that man does not claim the right to investigate and subject to the scales and crucible of human reason. If you confront him with a "Thus saith the Lord," he is determined to know when the Lord said it, who said He said it, and how, when, where and to whom it was said. If you bring forward written authority to prove that the sun stood still to enable a certain ancient general to prolong the slaughter of his enemies, or that another prominent personage survived the digestion of a big fish for three days, human reason will naturally question your authority. The fables to which the religious world has so long given credence, are brought under the scrutiny of science and enlightened judgment, and if found unreasonable are cast aside, as moral and intellectual rubbish.

* *

And why should not man reason upon the improbabilities of an ancient book just the same as he would upon any other subject? There can be no better guide than reason, quickened by intuition,—notwithstanding we once heard a good Presbyterian clergyman thank God that he had "a religion that was not based on human reason!" What would be thought of the sailor who should cast his compass and quadrant into the deep, and trust to the winds and waves to bear his vessel safely into port? When man sets aside his reason he simply throws his compass overboard. The time is at hand when he will have no religion that does not square with his reason. Why is it that our church pews are mainly empty of brainy men and women, unless it be because thoughtful people are not content longer to listen to doctrines repugnant, not only to reason, but to every sense of human justice. Habitual church-goers are mainly good and respectable people, who haven't the time or inclination to do much religious thinking for themselves, but are passively content to take their religious opinions second-handed.

* *

What can there be in the quality of goodness possessed by the Christian, that is in any manner different from that possessed by the Atheist, the Spiritualist or the Jew? Even take the church standards of goodness requisite to salvation, no churchman will pretend to say that they are in any respect different from the goodness practised outside of the church; neither will he presume to say that there is any saving virtue in belief, or ordinances, separate from goodness. So, we are brought down to the simple proposition that if a man is saved for his good qualities within the church, he must also be saved for the same qualities out of the church. The conclusion is unavoidable. And then, what is salvation? Is it, or can it be, anything more or less than the happiness which is the natural outcome of a well ordered life? If the infidel lives to bless the world with loving thoughts and kind acts, surely the Christian could do no more. Hence, in the Court of Eternal Justice both would be entitled to the same reward.

It is no particular discredit to a man to be born with a title, even though he may be a gambler, a roue, and a general good-for-nothing. But what a sensible American girl should want of such a man for a husband, especially, when she has to furnish the coin to pay off his gambling debts, and also to provide for their future joint support, is something nobody can find out. A man with nothing but a title to commend him, is, in our judgment, really of less account in the world of worth and use than the untitled hind that digs clams for a livelihood. And yet we do not indorse the heartless remark of our friend Spiggles, who says, that if he "had a daughter who should prefer a titled rake and gambler to an honest American citizen, for a husband, he would trade her off for a yaller dog and then poison the dog!" We regard such extremes of opinion and expression as outside the pale of good taste.

* *

And now comes "John Ward, Preacher," on the heels of "Robert Elsmere," to stagger the faith of thousands in the cruel and unnatural dogmas of ecclesiasticism. And so the leaven is working, and the churches will ere long swing into line, and join hands with all who have the love of humanity at heart. These intellectual sledge-hammer blows must tell, for man is a reasoning being, and cannot always consent to accept the foolish fables that have been palmed off upon him by designing men as the truth, and which he has been taught that it is sinful to question. If God is love, as we are taught from the pulpit, how is it possible that he can create souls for eternal punishment, knowing that when he created them that that would be their inevitable doom? "The John Wards," and "Robert Elsmeres" of the churches, who have stumbled upon these questions, are bothering the preachers considerably about these days.

* *

The kinship of humanity! By what indissoluble ties are we not linked to each other and to the entire race,—rich and poor, prince and peasant, black and white! The same in physical structure, and the same, in degree, in all the passions, impulses and emotions of the soul,—hope, love, memory, anger, joy, hate, envy, jealousy, benevolence, kindness,—all in one and one in all, more or less developed in each, but enough in each individual to make each one an epitome of all humanity. If we know ourselves thoroughly we shall thereby understand mankind generally—what is best for their advancement, and how best to touch the secret springs that uplift the lowly. We should never drift away from this thought of universal kinship; we cannot if we would; for Nature steps in with its constant reminders of sickness and sorrow, pain and misfortune, and finally with that all potent and universal leveler, Death, to teach us the oneness of humanity. Think not, ye proud and haughty ones of earth, that wealth or station are yours of right; for there comes a time when you must descend from all worldly fortune or eminence, and take your place with the lowliest of earth—in the grave. The King will furnish no daintier morsel for the worm than the beggar. Know, then, that true and lasting preferment can be attained only in proportion as we love our fellows, and kindly help the weak and erring over the rough places of life.

* *

Six dollars a week! That is the uniform wages paid to thousands of shop girls—clerks, cashiers, saleswomen—employed in this city! (Many girls are obliged to work for much less.) And out of this munificent (?) income, these women are expected to board and clothe themselves, and often to support an invalid mother or sister, or perhaps take care of a family of their own? "Expected," did we say? No; they are not "expected" to do anything of the kind. Their employers know that it cannot be done. At the lowest estimate, board of the very plainest kind, and room rent would absorb the entire amount, leaving nothing for clothing, (and they must dress tidily,) or car fare (as they cannot always live near their work,) and nothing to make good lost time from sickness. This last is an important item, when it is borne in mind that many of these women are required to work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and often most of the time standing on their feet. What right has society, that tolerates a system of competition in trade that makes such wrongs possible, to condemn these girls when they go astray? It will not do to blame their employers; for if they paid higher wages they would be undersold and driven to the wall by their neighbors across the way. The fault is with the system that places every man's hand at the throat of his neighbor; and, as always, the wrong falls heaviest upon the weakest, woman, in this case, is necessarily the greater sufferer. In the light of these facts, should we not hail the day when Bellamy's dream of the future, or something like it, shall become a reality? The life we are living is the struggle of hungry dogs for a bone, when there is an abundance for all, if we only go to work right to obtain it.

Memory! How like an avenging demon it will follow one through life, and out and on into the infinite realm of spirit—the memory of unholy deeds! True, the conscience may be seared by many and oft repeated wrongs, until the memory thereof may make but little, if any, impression upon the conscience. But there comes a time, as God is just, when the spirit will reach its lowest depth of indifference, and feel the first gentle promptings to a higher life. Then memory will do its work, if never before. What ages of agony may not the darkened soul experience in its long, sad journey towards the light! And so, also, the pleasures of memory to a life well spent—what can be more delightful! The pleasing incidents of childhood—a mother's tender love and care; a father's thoughtful guidance to a manly career,—the joys and pleasures, the fond associations, the happy dreams of love,—how they will be borne to us on memory's silver wings, sweetening the years of time, and adding rich argosies of gems to the treasures of eternity! There is no accusing angel so relentless as that of one's own soul—no all-seeing eye so penetrating as that whereby man shall see himself. And this is the true way of life from darkness to light—from the night of ignorance, to the glorious day of man's spiritual unfoldment—when he shall be a law unto himself forevermore.

* *

It cannot be other than a coarse nature that would needlessly wound another in his cherished religious opinions. Thus, to ridicule what another has been taught to believe as sacred things—the Bible, the Church or the Christian religion—indicates a great lack of refinement, as well as that thoughtful consideration of another's feelings which always ought to belong to the true gentleman. Such manifestations of coarseness, whether from the public platform, through the public paper, or in private conversation, always arouses a feeling of disgust in the reader or listener. If such offences against good taste, and ordinary common sense, are offered for the mere purpose of insulting or humiliating another, we can only pity the perpetrator as a shameless blackguard, but if done with a view to compel or induce one to change his opinions, we would suggest that it is the very worst possible way to accomplish the desired result. No man was ever converted by ridicule or abuse.

SUGGESTIONS.

There is no doubt that Dumas had a regular system of collaboration, which he never concealed. But whereas Dumas could turn out books that *live*, whoever his assistants were, could any of his assistants write books that live without Dumas?—*Ex.*

In the above paragraph we see an unconscious recognition of the value of all minds as giving hints and suggestions to other minds that have the faculty of grasping and developing thoughts from an idea, the same as one person improves another's inventions, with the difference, however, that the original inventor of a machine receives and holds the first credit, which no degree of subsequent perfection has power to rob him of. But the elaboration of an idea into thought bears no stamp of the mind that unwittingly gave it forth, and he or she who gives it fullest expression, is given the honor and fame of all that results to the enlightenment and improvement of the race. This was never better illustrated than by the book "Robert Elsmere."

The doctrinal points it deals with are the same for which men and women have been ostracised from Church society and religiously persecuted until life has become a burden, and this, too, during the last quarter of a century—the period of our greatest growth in every sense. Mrs. Ward caught up these floating heretical ideas, and with a mixture of romance made the reading of them by all classes a matter of desire or curiosity. *She* is famous, but not those who suggested her book.

HEAVEN.

Heaven, which is but a name for the highest degree of happiness, is something talked of and hoped for by all, and striven for in as many ways as there are minds to conceive and devise. It would seem that a state so easy of attainment would be the natural condition of all, that Heaven would be the divine birthright fully realized upon Earth.

It depends upon one simple condition—*right.* Right is goodness, and goodness *admits* of no wrong, either to self or others. But, alas! that simple condition is so little understood that the world is full of misery, and longing for that mythical, far-off Heaven, that must ever remain so, until Heaven is found within the human breast.

Right thinking, right speech, right dealing and right every-day living, will bring Heaven to the soul in spite of pain, loss, or mental anguish—these come from outward circumstances that change and pass away and leave no impressions but upon the poor dissolving clay of our transient abiding place.

Right implies an understanding of all physical and moral laws, for which Common Sense is the only necessary instructor. This tutor directs one to a study of self, and when we have solved that problem, in a temporal sense, we are qualified to deal wisely and justly by your fellows, thus gaining Heaven for ourselves and helping others to the same acquisition. The beauties and bounties of Earth are evidence enough that it was designed for man's happiness. Everything in Nature teaches of the soul, "a knowledge of which," says James Freeman Clark, "is more important than anything else in life below;" if we come to know this, we shall cease to do evil and pass out and and beyond all sorrow and woe, because we shall no longer commit wrongs against self, and therefore none others.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

A correspondent, a gifted writer, and really a sweet soul, but intensely Atheistic, sends us a communication, in which he selects the above line from a popular hymn as a theme for his displeasure. We quote his opening and closing paragraphs, which contain the pith of the communication, for the purpose of a few words of comment:

Great Heavens! Oh, Reason! Where is it? Will it ever rise to the ascendant? "Nearer, my God, to Thee," is so repulsive that I feel not only like opposing it with loud words, but to yell, and scream, my utterance. What do you know about my God? What do I know about your God? What do your thousands of readers—what does anybody—know about any God? They know this, That God is the terminology of man's ignorance. They ought to know this: that the empty figure is a "despotism of superstition." Can you get away from your shadow? Can you get nearer to it? What product, if you break down and worship it? . . . You have seen infants suck their thumbs. You have seen children, three and four years old, suck their thumbs. Why not all the elder Spiritualists over sixty, with gray hair or bald head, form a society, stand in line with "reverential awe," and when "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is sung, we devoutly suck our thumbs for sacred sustenance, with a kodak to take our photos on the spot and portray the Divine?

Our friend evidently feels intensely his independence of any intelligent principle in the universe superior to himself.

What do we know about that Infinite Mystery we call God? Of course, we can *know* nothing, positively. And yet we know that there is an Almighty Something that finds varied and wonderful expression through matter,—Something that is superior to matter, just as the spirit of man is superior to the senseless clod in which it dwells,—Something that made our own existence possible,—Something that is eternally experimenting through and with matter, in the creation of countless suns and systems of suns, in the varied beauties of Nature, and in the unfolding and uplifting of human souls.

When we sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," suppose we thereby simply express an aspiration to draw nearer to the higher life of the soul, to the All and Eternal Good, towards which man is slowly approaching;—suppose we spell God with a double "o," will our friend then persist in "yelling" and "screaming" his objection?

Spiritualists do not believe in any orthodox or Mosaic idea of God. And yet, as a rule, they recognize a Something in the Universe superior to themselves. Most of them possess, what our friend evidently does not, or at least only in a rudimental degree, an organ of veneration in the brain. Who placed it there, and why should our friend "yell" about what others have? If it is worth having, (and we hold that no faculty is without its use), why not seek to develop it in his own nature?

We are of opinion that Spiritualists are not suffering from too much veneration or reverence. We would much rather they had more of it, for then we think they would be more charitable towards the errors and shortcomings of their neighbors.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

Owing to an unlooked for delay in the arrival of the steamer from Portland, due last Sunday morning, W. J. Colville did not arrive until Monday. As public announcement had been given, and only partially withdrawn, that he would lecture in College Hall twice last Sunday, a large concourse of people gathered there at 10:45 A. M. Mr. Anderson, F. T. S., gave a brilliant address, and Mrs. Shipley and Mrs. McCarty rendered some charming music. In the evening, Dr. Griffiths lectured most ably and acceptably. Thanks are hereby publicly tendered to these kind and efficient friends for their valuable services so promptly and generously given.

On Monday evening last, November 3d, Mr. Colville resumed his regular season's work in this city at College Hall, 106 McAllister street. Through the kindly and generous exertions of of Mrs. V. R. Shipley, a handsome new organ is now in place, which pealed forth triumphantly during the impressive exercises. During the evening W. J. Colville delivered a very effective discourse on "The living basis of the new religion." It was a clear statement of the essentials of Theosophical teaching, minus the disturbing traditionary dogmas over which some persons unfortunately make trouble. There was a large attendance and a liberal collection.

All lovers of good music and fine elocution, should remember the entertainment to be given in College Hall this evening, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 o'clock. Miss Lucille Currie, Mrs. McCarty, Mrs. Shipley, Mr. R. H. Whiting, Mrs. Estelle Wadham, W. J. Colville and many other favorite artists will appear; the program will be elastic and unconventional; a general good time is expected. Admission 25 cents.

To-morrow, Sunday, Nov. 17, W. J. Colville will lecture at 10:45 A. M. on "The True Spiritual Gospel; what is it and who reveals it;" also at 7:30 P. M., subject, "Facing the Sphinx, or Egypt's Message to America."

W. J. Colville will open a public class for instructions in Spiritual Science, in the same place on Monday next, Nov. 18, at 10 A. M. and 2:30 P.M. All the above meetings will be free to all comers; voluntary collections to defray expenses.

W. J. Colville's address is 1119 Sutter St., where his private classes are in session on Wednesdays and Fridays at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.—W. J. Colville's able management of Miss H. M. Young in both those cities. Classes in Spiritual science work has spread most auspiciously under the and Theosophy meet at the Synagogue, 13th and Clay streets, Oakland, Tuesdays at 2:45 P. M. and Thursdays at 7:45 P. M., and in Webb Avenue Chapel (close to Park street) Alameda, Tuesdays at 7:45 P. M., and Thursdays at 2:45 P. M. Sunday lecture in Oakland Synagogue at 3 P. M. Subject to-morrow, "Looking Backward and Forward."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—If "J. M." will tell us the rest of his or her name, and where he or she resides, we will gladly send him or her the copy of the GOLDEN GATE he or she failed to receive.

—The Progressive Religionists of Fresno have organized themselves into a society known as the Fresno Unity Society, with Judge J. W. North, as President, T. J. Kirk, Treasurer, and Mrs. Kellogg, Secretary.

—A subscriber, writing from Florence, Italy, on business, says: "I enjoy the GOLDEN GATE "more than any American paper which reaches "me here. It is a great source of joy and spir-"itual instruction to me."

—We print to-day Gov. Stanford's excellent article on "The Future of California," which appears in a recent issue of the Examiner. It should be read by all, as it embodies a most comprehensive idea of what education should be.

—Fred Evans is now settled for work at his handsome residence, 424 1-2 Haight street—that is, he will be on Monday morning next, as he does not intend to give any seances until then. There are lots of hungry souls waiting for him.

—We are pleased to call attention to the card of that grand worker and medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, in another column. This lady is ever first among the tried and true, of our faithful sentinels upon the watch tower of Spiritualism—a fine speaker and a grand medium.

—The Spiritual Alliance of St. Paul, Minnesota, is attracting no little attention from the local press. Bishop Beals recently presided at the christening of a little girl before said society. He spoke under the control of Selden J. Finney, formerly of California, and one of the grandest of our early workers.

—On Thursday, November 7th, W. Harlow Davis and Matilda B. Fenn were united in marriage. Mr. Davis is a young medium possessed of phenomenal powers, and Mrs. Davis is a writer well-known on this coast. The ceremony, which was performed by Mrs. Mayo-Steers, was very simple and impressive.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, on Monday next, will remove her rooms to No. 30, Kearney street, where she has purchased the furnishings of a fine lodging house of twenty-six rooms. Here she will have nicely appointed parlors for her own mediumistic work, and can also accommodate visitors to the city with nice rooms.

—Dr. T. B. Taylor, writing from Hallock, San Bernardino Co., says: "I am glad to tell you, "in mining parlance, that I have struck it rich, "and in a few months shall have all the money "I want. Never was there a chance for men to "make a mint of money as here. But I must "close, for it is 'chill time' as well as train "time."

—Owing to W. J. Colville's engagements in Oakland and Alameda, the concert announced at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, to be given Tuesday, November 12th, is postponed till Saturday, November 16th, at 8 o'clock P. M., when a very fine program will be carried out. W. J. Colville's engagement in Portland during the past week has proved very successful.

—In our last week's issue, in speaking of the wonderful success and skill of Mrs. Dr. Cook in curing cancer, we refered to her somewhat proudly as an "unlicensed practitioner," believing, as a rule, that such physicians are more successful in curing disease than the regular doctors. We regret to learn that we were mistaken; that Mrs. Cook is a regular licensed physician. She is, happily, of a kind that a license doesn't spoil.

—The Holmes sisters, at 1053 Golden Gate Avenue, give notice of their ability to procure pictures of your departed spirit friends or guides. The younger sister, who does the painting, works with a single brush, in all colors and without changing the brush. She claims that her guides arrange the colors to suit themselves. She subsists, as we are informed, wholly on fruits and a little milk, eating no cooked food of any kind.

—The Daily Colusa *Sun* has discovered a colony of Spiritualists on Grand Island. A young man named Willie Powell, it seems, has suddenly developed into a powerful medium, and the nightly seances which he holds at the houses of neighbors have produced a great sensation among the islanders. The *Sun* reports that on these occasions the spirits of the departed appear to their friends, and violent physical manifestations, rapping and moving of articles of furniture, are of daily occurrence.

—"Facing the Sphinx" is the title of a remarkable book just out, by Mrs. Marie L. Farrington of this city. Its suggestive title indicates the scope and character of the work. It "faces," and seeks to find a rational solution for, some of the most profound problems of the religious world. The style is graceful and easy, and the matter of momentous interest to thoughtful minds. It will be a matter of pleasurable surprise to our literary circles to know that we have in our midst so profound and cultured a writer.

—Dr. James V. Mansfield, the venerable "Spirit Postmaster," returned from his trip to the Eastern Camp Meetings, last week, and has secured his former quarters at No. 1 Fifth street. Dr. Mansfield says he has come to stay the balance of his earthly life on this coast, with San Francisco for his home. We gladly welcome this grand instrument of the spirit world to our shores, where we hope he may live for many years to gladden the hearts of those seeking for some knowledge of their loved ones on the other shore.

Gleanings from the Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Beauty was one of the thoughts of the Great Designer, Love, whereby He seeks to win the human spirit from the consideration of the imperfect to the more perfect in order to insure its happiness. Under the ministration of sunbeams and lovely flowers, that had been placed, by kind hands, upon the desk in the room where the Progressive Lyceum meets, those who assembled at its session on last Sunday found their spirits drawn in closer bonds to which the influence of musical strains was tributary.

Several new faces were to be seen both among the visitors and the pupils, and this was to the workers an assurance that all the efforts put forth to add to the happiness of humanity, brings its mede of pleasure to the laborer. The words of wisdom uttered by the children and youth, as well as their responses to the general question for the day: "What is the highest form of Love?" evidenced that some care had been given by them to the matters they had been speaking upon. The general question was continued for another week, as it was thought others could furnish some interesting thoughts upon the topic. Recitations and a song were also pleasant performances. The first was a speech by Cora White on "The little Sunbeam," which was a good effort, although she was suffering from a cold. Mable Ward sang "Four little wee birdies," and Lina Miller recited: "Who's the darling little girl?" Russel Lincoln declaimed: "The lost steamship," and Ella Lincoln recited: "The soldier's pardon." The target and flag marches, as well as other exercises of the pupils, were so well executed that the conductor, Miss Addie L. Ballou praised the scholars for their conduct.

The meeting of leaders and friends proved to be an interesting circle. A rosseter of all the officers and leaders was made, and the name of Mrs. E. W. Briggs added to the list of the latter. It was also decided to meet the wishes of many who desire to enjoy a more intimate association with the Lyceum than that of a mere spectator, by forming an adult group on next Sunday, and to add further to the interest of the pupils, the treasurer, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, was instructed to purchase reward of merit cards that will in the future be furnished to the members of all the groups who desire them. The lack of suitable targets for group divisions was also a subject for consideration but the discussion was continued until next Sunday. The Ladies' Aid Society which is pushing forward the bazar, asked that the same committee which has furnished the program for the past two entertainments, be continued and assist them in providing a good program for each night of the bazar, which will be held afternoons and evenings of Nov. 20th and 30th, at St. George's hall, 909 1-2 Market street. Reports upon the subject are a good assurance that the public will be treated to a pleasant evening's entertainment. Donations for the bazar still continue to come in, and the ladies request that the other inexpensive articles be contributed. They may be left with Mr. J. J. Owen, of the GOLDEN GATE; Mrs. J. Schlesinger of the *Carrier Dove*, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, No. 150 Eddy street, or at any convenient point where they will be certain to reach the aid society members.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

St. George's Hall 909 Market St., last Sunday at 11 o'clock was crowded with intelligent people. The management is such that all can but feel as much at home as in their own parlors. A poem was read entitled "Song of the Mystic," by Mrs. F. K. Logan, and invocation. Music by Miss Hare, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Rutter; speech and tests by Mrs. Miller. Prof. Ewens made a few remarks and gave grand tests in his usual quiet unassuming manner; Mr. Temple, also spoke and gave tests. Mr. Pattan took the platform and made extended remarks; Mrs. Drake, a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism, gave her experience. She was listened to with marked attention.

Having at one time been considered dead, she was placed in her shroud and the funeral was about to take place when signs of life were apparent and she was again on the earth plane, having experienced some of the beauties and glories of the supernal realm. Mrs. McCann, under spirit assistance, gave her first experience and conversion to Spiritualism, which elicited the hearty applause of the audience. Little Miss Johnson sang "Sweet Home," very sweetly.

The flower girl disposed of many of her beautiful little gems for the benefit of her widowed mother. Dr. J. V. Mansfield was invited to the platform. His remarks were brief; he had just returned from the east and from the snow clad mountains to our golden shores. Mrs. Logan assured him that by another Sabbath the chilling influence would all be past, and we should then be happy to again welcome the sunshine of his spirit in the meeting.

Many encouraging words were tendered Mrs. Logan for her untiring efforts in keeping up such harmonious meetings, and her friends will give her a benefit social on Saturday evening 23d, instant, in St. George's Hall up stairs. A fine program has been arranged; dramatic, musical and literary, to conclude with a dance. The meetings as usual every Sunday.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A large audience assembled at Washington Hall, at the Mediums' Conference Meeting, held at 2 P. M. We noticed a larger number of mediums in attendance than usual. The meeting was most interesting. After preliminary remarks by Judge Collins, the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Minnie Drake, who spoke for thirty minutes, the subject being "The Temple of Life," and closing with an original poem. This was followed by platform tests by Dr. Temple and others — very marked and all recognized. Mrs. Miller made a forcible speech and also gave many good tests. The young Miss Wiegand was very successful in making paper flowers while entranced and blindfolded, and was well patronized by the audience, as by the sale of these she supports a widowed mother. The singing was very fine—given by Mesdames Rutter and Cook.

In the evening there was another immense audience. Prof. Dawbarn lectured on the "Republic of Spiritualism," with great satisfaction to those present. Mrs. J. J. Whitney's control surpassed all former efforts in giving most remarkable tests of spirit return: they came so thick and fast that we were unable to record them; enough to say, that everyone went home feeling that the spirit world was very near and our loved ones close beside us. The singing by Mesdames Clark and Rutter was excellent. Next Sunday evening and afternoon we shall have the services of Dr. L. Schlesinger, who will give private tests in the ante-room. Mrs. Miller and Dr. Temple will also take part in the meetings. We can not give the subject of Prof. Dawbarn's lecture on next Sunday; it will be published in Sunday's papers. Come early to secure good seats.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday, to hold their usual meetings, Dr. Macsorley presiding. After the opening exercises at the afternoon meeting the president read a poem, "The Law of Life," after which a number of friends gave their experiences and interesting remarks were passed. Also, Prof. J. B. Ewens read a poem, "Abel Ben," after which Mrs. Cowell gave an inspirational address. A number of mediums were present, circles were formed and a pleasant time spent. The evening services were opened with singing by the congregation. Also the president read a poem, "Face the Sunshine," after which some few remarks were passed; singing again was then rendered by the congregation afterwards. Prof. J. B. Ewens, who was to hold the platform for the evening was then introduced and recited a poem, "Oh, Mother, where Art Thou," which was very interesting. The medium then proceeded to give tests; owing to the health of the medium, the controls did not do as well as anticipated, but nevertheless, quite a number of tests, also names, were given and recognized.

Next Sunday evening Dr. Temple will be with us and give platform tests. All are cordially invited to attend. Yours respectfully,

MRS. DAVIS, Secretary.

Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Grand Army Hall was well filled last Sunday afternoon, by an intelligent and appreciative audience, gathered to hear the controls of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, who occupied the first hour of the afternoon service in replying to questions propounded by the audience. The majority of the inquiries evinced a more than average knowledge of the philosophy and laws of spirit return and communion, and the replies were without exception straightforward and convincing; why, about one-half of the questions propounded were answered. Owing to lack of time the guides announcing that the remainder would, if the audience so desired, be replied to next Sunday. The meeting closed with the usual test seance, during which many rather skeptical investigators acknowledged to having received quite convincing proofs that death does *not* end all. The meetings will continue during November, after which time Dr. and Mrs. Nickless will go to Santa Cruz for an indefinite period, they having received a very flattering call from that "city by the sea."

HOMO.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting in this hall on last Wednesday evening was well attended, and the little hall was taxed to its utmost capacity; the meeting opened with a song by the audience, followed by Prof. Ewens who gave an invocation, followed by Dr. J. M. Temple who gave an inspirational address. Mrs. Ellis was then called upon, and made a few remarks, stating that she would attend the Wednesday evening meetings, every Wednesday evening and help them out. After the usual reading of the notices by the Secretary, Capt. Lane took the platform and gave his life experience. The hour having arrived, the audience formed into seven large circles and the following mediums gave a large number of tests: Dr. J. M. Temple, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Ellis, Mr. White, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. West, Mrs. Bonner, Mr. Clement, Prof. Ewens, and Miss Murray. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at 111 Larkin St.

J. C. M.

Circle of Hope.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The above circle, we are glad to see, has come together again, after a vacation of two months, and as one of their number, I wish to inform all of the fact, that they meet every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock, at the parlors of Mrs. Maxwell 129 Taylor st. where her doors are open to all the old members and as many more as feel it is for their good to be present, and can exchange thoughts on the subjects, presented in a harmonious manner. Since May last, at the formation of this band of thinkers, at the parlors of Mrs J. R. Nickless, many very advanced ideas have come to the front; and we are pleased to note the fruit they have already borne, in more than one soul present. We hardly think there is one that has ever attended, but what felt the beneficial effects of being present, and many of the original number never miss a meeting. Speaks volumes for the good it is doing in the line of harmony.

AN ATTENDANT.

St. George's Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Sunday evening the subject of address given through the instrumentality of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless at St. George's hall, 909 Market street, "The wages of sin is death," was very interesting and instructive. Among the many good things it contained were, "Death to the soul. No, for the soul never dies. Death to what? Death to all happiness, for the man who commits a wrong or a sin is always an unhappy one; he roams from one place to another in search of happiness and peace of mind but finds it not. This state of mind is 'the wages of sin.'" Many tests were given of spirit presence. We understand that these meetings will be continued during this month, as Mrs. Nickless goes to Santa Cruz for December.

ROB.

—In our next issue we shall publish a funeral address by W. J. Colville, recently delivered in Portland on the occasion of the interment of the earthly remains of a much beloved and highly respeated lady, whose firm adherence to the truth of the Spiritual philosophy made her a shining light in the community her presence adorned and her noble life sanctified; she entered into rest Friday, Nov. 1. The funeral took place Nov. 3.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Office of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, Suite 43, Flood Building.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7th, 1889.

The Regular Annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company as above, on Saturday, Dec. 7, 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. Said meeting is hereby called for the purpose of electing five Trustees for said Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

Obituary.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Only a few days ago we sent to the "GOLDEN GATE" an expression of the respect and appreciation in which Timothy Conant was held by all who knew him. On Sept. 8th, 1889 he passed on to that other and higher life. On the afternoon of Nov. 8th, 1889, the pure spirit of his wife Mrs. Martha Conant took its flight to join her companion by whose side she had shared for so many years life's joys and sorrow.

Theirs was one of the few true marriages that are consummated in these days of strife and turmoil; in their lives was exemplified the result of a *true union*, and not only in their lives but in the lives of the noble son and daughter who command the respect of all who know them; who have never brought other than the flush of pride to the cheeks of their parents.

On Sunday, Nov. 10th, a large concourse of friends again gathered at the family residence in the Willows near San Jose to pay the last tribute of love and respect to Mrs. Conant; again did the gifted inspiration of Mrs. E. L. Watson pour balm upon the wounded hearts of the devoted son and daughter and lift the souls of her hearers above this sordid earth for a few brief moments; again were floral gifts in profusion brought by loving hands, but none were more lovely than the two pillows—one bearing the word "Rest," the other, "Mother," composed of immortelles, gathered by the hands of this same mother who lay in such a peaceful sleep before them. Again the sweet music flowed from the lips of some of San Jose's finest talent; "Beulah Land," which was sung at the request of Mrs. Conant, was never more beautifully rendered. It is seldom that one leaves their work of earth-life so fully and so satisfactorily completed as did our sister.

Three strong attachments were formed by Mrs. Conant: first and foremost, was home and family; second, the Woman's Relief Corps; third, the success of the GOLDEN GATE. For each she labored untiringly. No more patriotism ever swelled the heart of man than filled the heart of this true woman. The Phil. Sheridan Women's Relief Corps, of which she was a member, joined by the John A. Dix Women's Relief Corps, came laden with flowers. After the casket was lowered they passed the open grave in line, with arms filled with flowers, which they showered upon the casket—fitting symbols of the life of her who lay beneath; the life that had been so full of fragrance. It seemed that their loving hearts would shield her from all that was harsh, so free had been her life from all that was harsh; even harsh thoughts found no lodging place in her heart; thus they spread a bed of beautiful flowers that the clods might fall gently.

While wh deeply regret the loss of her gentle and true womanly presence, and sympathize sincerely with her children in the loss of their mother, yet we feel that our loss is her gain; and when we think of the happy re-union of two loving hearts, we can not mourn.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 11, 1889.

JOHN B. WOLFF.—By an error of the pen in Editorial notes Nov. 2d, the name and fame of John B. Wolff, who passed on to the higher life, in Washington on the 11th, ult., was confounded with that of Napoleon Bonaparte Wolff of Cincinnati, who for aught we know is still in the flesh. Brother John B. Wolff was an occassional writer of earnest, pithy and logical articles for this paper. He was the beloved and honored President of the First Society of Spiritualists at Washington D. C., which society had its inception in his effort and grew to its present prosperous and useful estate under his care, and by his constant and self-sacrificing labors. Forty years ago Mr. Wolfl gave up a popular and paying position in the church alienated his friends, and lost $40,000 for conscience sake by his out-spoken advocacy of Spiritualism. During all these years he had struggled with adversity, but through all he bravely and fearlessly battled for the right. He died poor in this worlds goods, but if there is a shadow of truth in our philosophy he is now reaping a rich reward. Mr. Wolff leaves behind him hosts of friends.

SUMMERLAND TRACTS.—Our readers will see by reference to the change of advertisement of Summerland that tracts, varying in size from five to eleven acres each, are now offered for sale, the Ortega Rancho, having been subdivided so as to give each tract a beautiful building site; and roads are surveyed, giving each tract a frontage on one or more avenues. The land is offered to actual settlers in sympathy with the movement, at lower prices than was offered for it as a whole while the survey was being made. Mr. Williams will sell only one tract to each purchaser, in order to prevent speculation. Descriptive pamphlets containiug a map of the rancho and its subdivisions, and full description, prices and other information, can be obtained as per advertisement.

—A neat little volume of meditations, entitled, "Day by Day the Essential Bread," by our spiritual friend, F. E. Coots, of this city,—a book of 123 pages, in cloth, 50 cents, post free. We are pleased to commend it to all seeking for the higher spiritual unfoldment.

Letter from Spirit E. H. Chapin.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am anxious to do some work through this medium and would respectfully ask room in your columns that I may give some information to your readers in regard to the condition of those in spirit life, and to make them aware of the possibility of the spirits being able to return to their loved friends and acquaintances and to give them an assurance of their identity, and of their retaining their faculties of mind as clearly as they did in the earth life.

You may rest assured that I was one of those that was not in any doubt about the truth of Spiritualism in my life, as a mortal, and I found on becoming a spirit, that there was not any wrong thought in regard to the matter of spirits return to the loved one they had left behind them.

You may be assured that my life as a mortal was such as gives me satisfaction, for I was a preacher of the Universalist faith, and I was never afraid to avow my opinions and did so at all times and under any and all circumstances, and I have had no reason to be ashamed of my belief in my life-time, for I have found that it was the true belief, for there are no souls ever lost, but all are saved and have an immortal existence.

We are, as spirits, all anxious to do all we can to help those we have known and loved in life, and it gives us the greatest pleasure when we can return and give to our loved ones an assurance of our presence, and to have our presence recognized. Therefore it is my desire to give you articles for publication through this medium, and would ask you to let him know what subjects you would like to have me write upon, and I will furnish you with good articles that will probabiy meet your approval. I am the spirit of

E. H. CHAPIN.

Written through the mediumship of E. A. Blackden, 33 East Ninth street, New York, Nov. 4, 1889.

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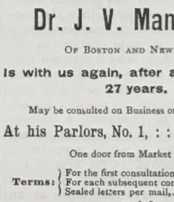
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[TITLE PAGE.]

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNday at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7 45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

COLLEGE HALL, 106 MCALLISTER STREET. W. J. Colville, Lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection.

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AMOS ADAMS,
President of Boord of Trust.
J. J. OWEN, Secretary. je29

The Future of Our State.

Continued from First Page.

far as practicable, for his after life, and not to confine our course to literature and art.

I deem it especially important that the education of the female should be equal to that of the male, and I am inclined to think that if the education of either is neglected, it had better be that of the man than the woman, because if the mother is well educated, she insensibly imparts it to the child. I remember that Bain, in his "Elements of Criticism," says that a child in the first seven years of its life has more new ideas than in all its after life. Voltaire says, I think, "If you give me the education of the child up to five years I do not care who educates him after that." The mother's system of teaching is substantially the kindergarten system. This is the opinion of Professor Agassiz.

The true system of education shows a marked contrast to the system practiced in our schools forty years ago—getting a lesson out of a book to recite to the teacher.

My own son never went to any school except the kindergarten. On one occasion he came home delighted with something that had opened his mind, and wanted to tell me about it. His teacher required all the children to bring some natural object to school as a subject for a short talk. My son had taken a pebble to the school. She looked at it and noted that it was round. She explained that that indicated that it had probably been rolled back and forth on a beach, for if it had been in a running stream, other stones passing over it would have flattened it. Then she discovered that it was sandstone and she told him all about the formation of the rocks. Then she saw a scratch on it, and explained how that might have come—maybe from a stone passing over it, or perhaps from a glacier. This opened the way for a talk about glaciers, and the vision this unfolded to his mind made so profound an impression upon him that I am satisfied in his short life this episode of his kindergarten training turned his mind in the direction of inquiries, the answers to which were an education in themselves.

I became much impressed with this incident, and in following out the course of education that impressed him so deeply I hope for great things.

The current publications are really the great educators, because they preserve and disseminate ideas wherever people can read, and do much in raising the standard of intelligence among the people, thus enabling the many to appreciate and take advantage of the genius of the few.

It is the lack of education alone that makes the great mass of the European peasantry so slow in adopting the modern improvements. They do not use machinery because they are neither aware of its existence nor able to appreciate the advantages of its use. One cannot fail to remark even the great superiority of hand tools in America over those in use abroad. The greatest extravagance in Europe—greater than their large standing armies—is the waste of labor, using their hands and poor tools instead of machinery and fine tools.

So I want these schools to provide an education to make the people, as far as possible, ble to secure the fullest amount of comfort and luxury from the natural resources that are at their disposal. I want to teach the people how to make a living and satisfy their physical longings with the least possible expenditure of labor, that they may have the largest possible amount of time and means for the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures.

The possibilities of human enjoyment are as boundless as the beneficence of the Creator, and the Creator could not have placed his great gifts beyond us, for there is no beneficence in the existence of the unattainable. That being the case, and I think the proposition does not admit of doubt, it becomes the duty of all people having the means in their power, to teach the people how best to attain all the good possible in this life. The Mormon church does this. They divide the country into wards having a population of a few hundreds.

The Bishop there is not necessarily a spiritual advisor alone; he also advises in temporal affairs. If a farmer is going to plant corn on cold, wet land, he tells him his mistake. He advises him when to plant and when to reap, what crops to sow and the kind of stock most profitable on his land. The most ignorant farmer in Utah has the advantage of the knowledge of the most scientific. There the genius of the few is at the command of all. The result is that there is no physical want in Utah. Everyone has a comfortable home, good clothes and sufficient food.

Because that has not been the case in Europe for want of education, there was no progress made there up to the present century. They were cutting grain with a hand sickle, when the genius of McCormick enabled us to cut, bind, thresh and sack grain by machinery at a cost of one cent per hundred pounds.

It will be our aim in the college to give a practical education, to cultivate manual dexterity, to open the range of inquiry and make the scholar rely on his own resources. I have already fitted up some machine shops and hope that the college will in some measure fill the gap opened in our system of industry by the difficulty that besets a boy who wishes to learn a mechanical art. Still, that is not, by any means, the extent of our aims. I want to teach the benefits and resources of labor, to show he who has to work how to toil that he may easiest earn his needed rest and recreation. I want to unfold the possibilities of enjoyment and show every industrious and provident man how he may secure them without the expenditure of more physical effort than is necessary for his health. There will always be some inequality; some men will be indolent, and to that extent will the burdens of the provident and industrious be increased, but even the added burden of the idle and the vicious should not demand from the industrious more labor than is compatible with the highest intellectual enjoyment.

California, with her present system of industry, will well support 10,000,000 people; with the best system known she would support 30,000,000, and I believe that with the system that the genius of man will develop before many years have passed the resources of the State would be equal to the requirements of the greatest and the grandest empire the world has ever seen. The soil—that fruitful mother that supplies all our necessities—we have in abundance, and as the evolution of the last fifty years—the evolution from the sickle to the threshing machine—has made it possible for one man to grow the food for a thousand, I see no reason why the next half century should not show an equal increase of capacity. A farmer in this State has grown 130 bushels of wheat to the acre in a field of twenty acres. With the best system of cultivation every wheat-grower should be able to accomplish as much.

The last census gave us a popnlation of less than 90,000 engaged in agriculture in this State—or less than 20,000 actual workers, for in this State women and children do not work in the fields. These 20,000 workers raised food for the whole population of the State and had a surplus that would feed 10,000,000 people. That was with a production that would average about fifteen bushels to the acre. What could not be done in the lowest was made equal to the highest, and with the same labor the average had been 130 bushels. In the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys it would be easy to quadruple the yield of grain with a more perfect system of cultivation and irrigation. It is not now unusual in the Sacramento valley to raise sixty bushels to the acre. England goes abroad for food supplies. Professor Wallace is authority for the statement that if all her available land was properly cultivated she could raise more than she consumed. But the cost of transportation is so small that it pays better to go abroad for food than raise it on poor soil. One had better buy his food and raise something else. An absolutely idle man might find it profitable to spend a dollar's worth of time in producing a 25-cent article rather than spend 25 cents he had in his pocket, but it would nevertheless be an actual waste of 75 per cent of the labor. The most elementary system of political economy lays that down as an axiom, but its truth is constantly disregarded by nations as well as individuals. The natural advantages of California, the ease with which a good living may be earned here, will cause the population to increase much faster in the future than it has done in the past, because the facilities of transportation have been greatly improved. As 500,000 people hastened here to enjoy the advantages of this State when the only way to come was by ox-team or ship, why should not ten times the number come now that a passage only consumes a few days and costs less than an industrious man can save in a year even in the poorly paid parts of the old country? Steam has shortened the distance, land in the East available for settlement is becoming scarce and besides our own system of cultivation has so improved that we can offer them inducements that we could not a few years ago. The railroads being built and operated, every increase of freight and travel lessens the cost per passenger or article. The greatest expense is for fixed charges and enough income being secured to cover them, additional business can be handled very cheaply. The actual cost of hauling a train is small, while the expense of keeping up the road is large. As population and freight increase, rates can be reduced. Ten cars can be handled nearly as cheaply as five, and it costs but little more to go 125 miles than to go eighty. A ton of coal will suffice for forty miles, and after the wages of the crew are paid, the fixed charges settled and maintenance prepared for, the additional cost is only for fuel. The scarcity of fuel is still a drawback to this State. A ton of coal can be put on the cars in Pennsylvania for 62½ cents; here we pay from $7 to $10. The coal we get from Vancouver has to pay 75 cents per ton duty, which is excessive in view of the fact that the plea for protection is to keep wages up, and the wages paid for handling a ton of coal do not amount to anything like 75 cents. When coal only costs 25 cents to mine in Pennsylvania, it is hardly logical to charge three times as much for the admission of foreign coal here. That benefits the owner of coal lands, and not the laborer who raises the coal.

In estimating the future of California great hopes are placed in the coming development of electricity as a power. Wnen means are found to produce electricity without steam and save the waste of coal, the great manufacturing problem of this State will be solved. At present our methods are so defective that most of the coal is wasted. It goes up the chimney and into the atmosphere instead of heating the water and making steam. Still, great advances have been made in that direction lately and we get more than twice as much power from a ton of coal than we did twenty years ago.

With the increase of facilities for controlling the forces of nature the bitter competition for wealth will be lessoned. Poverty and want having been the rule instead of the exception in the past, men struggle and hoard; if all were assured of a comfortable living and a sure competence for old age they would spend more freely, take more enjoyment and fight less fiercely for wealth. Not that I deprecate industry and providence, for it is the duty of man to earn and save for his family and himself, but I hope for the day when labor and thrift will no longer interfere with intellectual development and the enjoyment of social pleasures. Man's actual needs are slight; his intellectual boundless. Prof. Agassiz would be satisfied with twenty-five cents worth of food a day, but he needs steamboats to help him read the story told by the bed of the ocean, instruments to solve the riddle of the stars and glaciers, and unnumbered hands to delve amid the buried learning of the past. When he has mastered his study it belongs to the whole world, and with a proper system of education is at the command of every one.

Co-operation is the chief handmaid of civilization. One man may develop a love of works of art beyond the greatest wealth of man to satisfy, but a community can spare the money to purchase the things that will give pleasure to all. San Francisco ought to have magnificent libraries, lovely parks, fine collections of pictures, splendid works of art and the means of every intellectual pleasure paid for from the public purse and open for the enjoyment of every one. Co-operation will bring about such social equality that no industrious man will feel himself one whit the social inferior of any man that lives, and will have no feeling but pity for the *parvenu* who, doubtful of his own position, trembles to weaken it by association with those who have less wealth than himself.

A Remarkable Test.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The nature of the tests given through the mediumship of Mr. Slater is so variable that his audiences are entertained by a succession of surprises from the beginning to the end of his seances. The tests, and the manner in which they are given are always clear and forcible, often to the degree of being startling. They are given with a yes-or-no directness which leaves no loop hole for the unwillingly-convinced skeptic, and his listeners follow him with the keenest interest, as he passes with marvelous rapidity from test to test. He is gay and serious by turns, sometimes sharp in the struggle to keep down the unpleasant influences that will naturally come unbidden, like Banquo's ghost, from a large mixed audience; but always somewhere is found the motive to help with advice, warning or information. His rapidity of speech is remarkable, and the constant motion which seems necessary to his comfort, makes him appear the very embodiment of restlessness. But last Sunday evening he appeared in a wholly different light during a test which was much appreciated by all present, but which I fear I shall spoil by attempting to relate. It was given in such a quiet, impressive manner that the silence and applause following the few slowly-spoken words made the incident really dramatic.

He had been giving test after test, but suddenly stops, walks midway down one of the side aisles, and stands listening. The audience waits wonderingly, and as he turns, we hear, "He has it"—no, he passes to the centre aisle opposite the same spot and listens again. The quiet is almost oppressive. While we are wondering if he will be able to get what he seeks, he turns and walks with head erect to the rostrum. The people applaud. He takes a glass of water, and holding it high above his head, advances to the edge of the rostrum. The water becomes violently agitated as he repeats slowly and with painful distinctness, "Poison sometimes looks like water;" and, pointing to a lady sitting near the spot where he had been so long standing, "Do you understand that, madame?" The large audience becomes excited and waits impatiently while listening intently for the answer. "Yes sir," it comes, and the applause following is thrilling as he silently stands there holding the water high in the air. He throws it away, and as the people show the wish to know more, replies, "No, better so; the good has been done. It is enough to know she understands. Madame, that warning comes to you from ——— ———, and he comes to help you. (Applause.) Our friends on the other side are with us all the time and see as surely as does the All-seeing Eye, the dangers we are in here, and they come to help us, and that is what I am here for (applause), and that is what Spiritualism is for—to help, to do good." N. S.

OAKAND, Nov. 5, 1889.

Formulas, too, as we call them, have a reality in daily life. They are real as the very skin and muscular tissue of a man's life, and a most blessed, indispensable thing, so long as they have vitality withal, and are a living skin and tissue to him.—*Carlyle.*

PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES OF THE OUTLYING FIELDS

—OF—

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

A work with the above title has just been published by HUDSON TUTTLE, an author and original thinker, whose previous works have been important contributions in certain fields of science.

The author sets out to put on a more scientific and rational basis the proofs of the doctrine of Immortality. He recognizes the fact that we live in an age of growing skepticism; that evidence which was once sufficient is no longer so, and that in the minds of a very large class of earnest and intelligent persons, faith in the future state of existence has a very slender hold. In his opinion it is the right and duty of this generation to place this doctrine on an enduring basis—a basis as solid as the Copernican system of astronomy. This, however, is not to be done by old methods, but new and modern ones suited to modern thought. The author believes there is a large class of facts which have a direct bearing on the subject and he brings these into his discussion in a masterly manner. In many ways Mr. Tuttle is well fitted to this work, having given over a third of a century to its study and investigation.

The subjects treated are as follows Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scientific Methods in the Study of Man and its Results; What is the Sensitive State? Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness Proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness Induced by Disease; Thought Transferrence; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Beyond Superior to the Actor; Effect of Psychical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscions Sensitiveness; Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transferrence; Immortality—what the Future Life must be, Granting the Preceding Facts and Conclusions; Mind Cure, Christian Science, Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations to which have been added nearly fifty pages of personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of light. These chapters abound in beauty and interest.

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Seance With Mrs. Jennie Moore.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I had only been introduced to Mrs. Moore and made an appointment for a seance; she had no way of knowing aught of my loved ones that I hoped to see and hear talk. I went an unbeliever, and in one hour I knew that I had seen and conversed with twelve who had gone to a part of life a step beyond pain. The cabinet is made by stretching black cloth around a frame made of narrow strips of board, and encloses a space three and one-half feet square, the top is black cloth, the door is one end, and in this is a sort of curtained window at which the spirits appear; they seem really tangible and life-like in most cases. A cane-seated chair is all the furniture; there are casters under the corners so that anyone can move it about and examine the cabinet on all sides as well as the carpet on the floor. The medium is dressed in a close-fitting black wrapper with no white about her. Her control, Mr. Charles Murphy, comes dressed in a handsome black suit and a white shirt-front and talks as loud as anyone would in common conversation. He gives good, logical advice to all, and seems very anxious to assist, that all may gain a knowledge of this wonderful truth. Mr. J. A. Brown, who had been in spirit-life only three days and a half, was the first to greet me; he looked exactly as when laid out; he whispered, "I am so glad to see you and speak to you with my own organs. I am made happy in doing so." He then told me how I asked the young man who assisted me in this last night's watch to help me straighten his body, then, how I placed the pillows that his head might lay as it ought to, then, "you smoothed my whiskers down so," doing it with his own materialized hand; "then you took the handkerchief from my shirt pocket and tied up my chin so," again showing how I did it, "then you tore a piece of cloth into bits, and folded them and laid them on my eyelids to hold them shut; then you tore a strip and tied over to keep them in place." He quit speaking for a few moments as though reading the doubt in my mind. He bent his head over on his breast that I might see the slightly bald spot on the top of his head; he placed his hand on the spot and said, "See here." I had told him some days before, that the hair was growing thicker and would cover it; he picked up a lock of hair in those spirit fingers and said, "Here you cut off a curl the morning but one before I passed away."

Still he seemed to read the uncertainty, and he said, "The sixteen days and nights you took care of me were the happiest of my whole life, in spite of the awful pain that took my physical life." He had told me this the night but one before his death; then he talked to me about getting a good organ and said he wished he had been so situated that he could have given me more money to get tt with. "There are some things that money cannot pay for; I must go now, but this great and grand truth makes me happy. I am sorry I am in this life; If I had heeded your advice six months ago I would be a strong, well man now, ready to do good to my fellow-man; good-bye for this time; do come here again, so that I can talk to you of your home in Santa Barbara. Be sure and get a good organ. I will go home with you and help you enjoy it."

Mr. Brown's daughter now came dressed in a colored dress. She said, "I am Nona." She turned her head so that I could see the contour of her face was like her mother's; then said she, "My hair and eyes are like Papa's." For a few moments she was gone.

The light in the room is like early twilight. I could see everything in the room; here, at the window, was the same face, but the body was clothed in crystal white. "See my beautiful dress." She pulled the sparkling white material up as though there were yards of it stored away about her. "I am Nona Brown; when you go home, please give my love to Mamma and tell her how we came. Grandmother will come. I am ever so happy to come and thank you for taking such good care of Papa and making him so happy."

Mrs. Nona Brown then came and gave me a good, long view of her face, so that I could see that there was a strong family resemblance between her and her son. "I cannot express my love and thanks to you for caring for my dear son James. You made him just as comfortable and happy as he could be made, and he is the happier now for it. You prepared him for this life by your kindly talk of forgiveness towards all who we felt had wronged us. I cannot express my thanks. I must say good-bye for this time, but in another way I shall ever try to assist you and cheer your lone life."

I had ceased to doubt, for Mrs. Moore being an entire stranger, conld not in any way gather these facts. My sister Jane then gave her name as she stood before me, spoke of her happiness in coming to me in this way, called me by name and said, "Dear Sister, you are the only one of us all who believes in this truth in the earth life." An old gentleman came in front of Sister and said, "I am Daddy Cotton; you know you and I used to talk about this phase of mediumship and neither one believed it, but you see it is a fact."

If I had doubted, this was enough, for twelve years ago he had said to me he would die first, and if there was any truth in materialization and I would give him a chance, he would prove it to me. I had forgotten this man, therefore the stronger evidence. Sister then came in front of him and talked of her family, speaking of facts as I knew them. Eight more Friends came, and all gave positive proof of who they were. This was on Tuesday afternoon. The following Sunday afternoon I sat again with three others, and we all felt that we knew that we had seen and conversed with our loved ones. Mrs. Moore had pinned a few flowers before the window of the cabinet, and Nona broke a white rosebud off and threw it to me, saying, "Take that home with you; it is more fragrant than the walnuts that grow in your grove.

Mrs. S. E. Vandegrift.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Why was Bruno Murdered?

[George Jacob Holyoake in The Freethinker's Magazine.]

In the paper published in the September number of this magazine characteristics of the murder of Bruno were described. But why was he murdered is not a less instructive inquiry.

In the old days when theologians had eyes, when science began to make its first mark, and to announce its first systematic discoveries; the priests saw that a new power had arisen and was standing by their side, which they could not move, and which was overshadowing them. Then they said, partly in their ignorance and partly in their fear: "Science will destroy religion." What they might have said (if they had known better) was that science would change religion, and give men mightier views and a firmer standing-ground than tradition and obsolete revelations afforded them. Superior to dogmatic religion is the sense of awe at the infinite universe outside us—reverence inspired by the perception of that silent, unheeding, unresting force which has ordered all things before us, and which stretches beyond us evermore. When Bruno first announced that there was a plurality of worlds, and, instead of this planet being the sole creation of the Mosaic God, there were millions and millions of similar and greater worlds in infinite space, possibly inhabited by nobler beings than man; all equally under the care and guardianship of one stupendous power, theologians were blinded with the flood of new light, and stood for awhile dumb with consternation. They could see how the childish inventions and ignorant explanations of Hebrew theology—how its pitiful contrivances and fanciful schemes of atonement; its anthropomorphic ideas of God, wandering amid the woods of Eden in search of Adam; or explaining things to Cain, when his "countenance fell" because the smoke of his sacrifice did not ascend according to his mind; or arranging the crucifixion of a poor, gentle-souled, visionary Jew, as late as two thousand years ago, as a scheme of salvation for those of the human race who might happen to hear of it—priests could see how Bible fictions faded into infinite pettiness.

The God of the old Jews was a mere attorney in large practice, who had undertaken to collect the rents and debts of the little, half-drowned universe Moses knew. We blame them not, but beg leave to follow them not. They had no conception of the magnificent Omnipotence which science has revealed, whose illimitable grandeur is as much beyond our finite powers to appraise as the terms in which men speak of this Jew Deity are poor and beggarly, compared with those required to express the attribute of infinite loftiness and perspicacity which science reveals in nature.

When astronomers first explained to theologians that this world was not a vast flat surface on which mankind walked to and fro, fixed and firm on some solid base which could never move; but that it was a vast, ponderable, black ball, darting in the darkness on its awful journey through space, lighted only by precarious and distant solar rays, science was regarded as a thing of horror, whose dreadful revelation struck men as though a demon had spoken; and common men, not priests alone, were ready to kill the astronomer; as the poor Brahmin at a later date was ready to destroy the satanic microscope which revealed to him life in the water and in vegetable, which he thought pure and unliving. The Brahmin destroyed the microscope because he thought it created the horrors which it revealed; and in the same manner the uninformed priest imagined that science made the awful mysteries it disclosed. Hence he treated discoveries as criminal inventions. Now men have grown calmer and wiser. They understand that science is the purifier of piety, the enlarger of devotion, and imparts a new sublimity of reverence which no Bible, no tradition, no theology, was ever able to give it. There is nothing so religious as science, as men will one day know, if the term religion is to be retained under a wholesome acceptation. If God made nature, Bruno did more to reveal His stupendousness and glory than all the Popes. Making nature great made Jewish theology little, and orthodox churches teachers of small things. Therefore the priests burnt Bruno.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

Discovery by the Spirit-Agency.

The *Banner of Light* gives the following story which is so far off the lines of any ordinary accounts of spirit-intervention that we are tempted to reproduce it as it is given in our contemporary. What is termed "the phenomenal Watson well," in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a short distance below Titusville, was recently visited by a "scout" of the *Oil City Derrick*, who met Mr. Watson, and interviewing him about the discovery and its prospects that gentleman said:—

You know I am a Spiritualist. Well, some time ago I was sitting at my desk writing, when what purported to be spirits said they wanted me to go and look for deep oil. In accordance with the request, the next morning I went where directed by the spirits, but that exact spot I won't designate at present. I was on my way home when just above Boughton station I heard a voice as plain as I hear you talk now. Of course, I could not see anyone, but it was the voice of Daniel Crossley, who long since departed this life and entered the land of spirits. Remember that this took place in the cars, and made the reply to my spirit-brother:

"Why, Dave, there's nothing here."

He continued, saying; "Watson, this is no idle talk; want you to attend to this."

The next morning I came down to Boughton, and walked up the railroad until I came to the point where Crossley's spirit told me to go down to the flat where the well is now flowing.

Looking earnestly into the reporter's face, Mr. Watson said: "Do you know that in this walk the spirits of H. R. Rouse, whose body was cremated at the great oil fire at Rouseville, and Jerome Fuller, of Linesville, were with me? They pointed to me the spot where the well stands, and said to me: 'There you will find a third sand which is entirely independent of the old Crossley and Hunter developments only sixty rods to the northeast.' This deposit, they said, was very rich and prolific, and would last a long time. Spirit Rouse, in particular, urged me to go at once and buy this land, and for a whole month they kept urging me, until I gave Williamson, of New York, $1,000 for 110 acres.

Brother Crossley wanted me to let his son James, who was operating wells fifty to sixty rods north of this well, take an interest in developing the territory, but Jim said it wasn't of any value, and would have nothing to do with the enterprise. The spirit of H. R. Rouse insisted that I should do it myself, and told me I would make $100,000 clear money. I was too poor to work it alone, but finally induced John McKay and E. T. Roberts to drill a well, which was a small producer, located 200 feet south. This was my ideal location, and we have struck it rich."

The *Derrick* reports the well is pumping from 1,000 to 1,200 barrels of salt water, and flows oil about every half hour through the casing for five or six minutes at a time. The output was in the neighborhood of 280 barrels in one day. Mr. Watson further said:—

"Twelve years ago my spirit-mother came to me and said: 'My son, it is my painful duty to inform you that you will lose all your money; you won't have a cent left.' I was then worth $800,000 and my reply to mother was that I would take steps to put my property in shape so I could not lose it, and for some time I thought I was safe. But finally the tide went against me, and everything I touched was gone. When I had lost everything my mother returned to me and said:

'My son, I am commissioned by the same power that said you must lose all your property to tell you that everything will be restored to you, and more, too.'

The commencement of the fulfillment of this promise has been manifested to me in the striking of this well; but you remember the spirits sent me to find deep oil. And I tell you we will get the biggest wells on this piece of land that ever were struck in the world. In 1867 I drilled a well in this locality 3,553 feet deep and found the Bradford sand, and in that horizon I will yet find oil in abundance.

A Ghostly Murderer.

[Times of India.]

Saheb Den Dhobey was a prison official of proved courage and magnificent physique, who was brought from Jessore to Alipore to take the place of head warder. It was his duty to visit the patrols between the surrounding walls evety night, between the hours of twelve and two. On one occasion, after he had been only a few days in the jail, he set out on his rounds as usual, but some time after 2 A. M. it was found that he had not returned. Time wore on, and at last mere wondering why he was so late gave place to anxiety, and a search party was organized. They carried torches, and at last came upon the insensible form of Saheb Den Dhobey. He was lying prostrate on the ground close to the hospital gate, which is situated about one hundred and fifty yards distant from the gallows. The unfortunate man was carried to the officials' quarters, and there, after a time, by the application of water and other restoratives, he was brought around. The following was the tale he told:

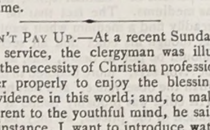
He had been going his rounds and had stooped down to adjust one of his shoes, when he felt some one spring upon him from behind and commenced belaboring him between his shoulders. The concussion forced him on to his hands and knees, and he first thought that it was a prisoner trying to escape. Not very much alarmed, for he had confidence in his great physical prowess, he tried to grasp his assailant by putting one arm behind his back; but he could feel nothing, yet the blows continued to rain down upon him, and he felt himself pressed down to the earth by a great weight. At last a voice addressed him: "You dare come here, do you, to defile by your presence the territories of Govind Brahmin?" And with that the man felt himself lifted bodily up, and then dashed face forward on to the ground. He remembered no more till he awoke to consciousness in the guard-room.

When he had finished this strange story the aged head warder, who was about to retire, came up, and put the question, "What is this that is being said about Govind Brahmin?" This led to explanations, and the old warder told how a noted budmash of that name, who had committed several cold-blooded murders, had been hanged in Alipore jail six-and-twenty years before. "But," pointed out one of the auditors, "Saheb Den Dhobey was attacked a good distance from the gallows. We found him close to the hospital gate." "Ah!" replied the old man impressively, "the scaffold in those days stood on the very spot where you found the prostrate body of Saheb Den Dhobey."

The latter listened with blanched face; then he threw himself back on the couch on which he lay. "My hour has come," he said. "It must have been the spirit of Govind Brahmin that attacked and beat me. My heart is broken. It is certain that I must die. And die he did in two days' time.

Didn't Pay Up.—At a recent Sunday-school service, the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking over the flock of wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked a little five-year-old. "You don't pay up!"

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"By Their Works Shall Ye Know Them."

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

The days, how they come, the days, how they go,
Slipped by Time, as the nun counts over her beads,
Some rose-tinged with joy, some shadowed with woe,
Yet destined alike on all souls to bestow
A just reward for their deeds.

The mother, whose love like the pearls of the sea,
Shines sinless and pure in the heart of each babe,
Will find its reflection more brilliant shall be
As the child, "tempest tossed," turns itself towards the lea,
And grasps love's anchor to save.

The friend who stands firm when whirlwinds of scorn,
Cold looks, unkind words, assail those whom he loves,
Shall have unseen guides pilot him through the storm,
And unlooked for gifts to his health shall be borne,—
Even olive branches and doves.

As ye sow, shall ye reap though the harvest be late,
Figs from thistles, never man's hand may pluck,
Then why curse the ground, why bemoan thus your fate
If you've scattered but ashes, then do not berate
The man whom you deem has "good luck."

But up and to work, leave the baubles of earth
To burst, and to man their emptiness show,
And then what you earn shall bring you true worth,
Come rain, or come shine, there ne'er will be dearth
Of treasure where'er you may go.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Little Now, A Little Then.

[Given through the hand of Jas H. Young.]

Just a little now, and a little then,
We give to MAN thro' our medium's pen.
The greater truth they're not prepared to own
Nor understand, should it to them be shown.
A Spirit! in the form it dwells on earth,
But in a higher sphere the soul had birth:
It there did dwell before to Earth it came
To seek experience and find a name.
This truth we see that some will not believe,
Then how can they the greater truth receive?
The A B C of life they first must learn,
Read Nature's Book, before they can discern—
Know that the soul is the All Father's child;
Not a creature created to run wild
Like beast and bird, or fish within the sea,
Nor like an insect, or the working bee;
Yet still, part of the body as you'll find,
Is beast and bird, and fish of every kind;
For progressed matter fit to clothe the soul
From lowest strata came, includes the whole.
The soul, or life, from matter ne'er was born;
Matter is dead when from the spirit shorn.
Life that spirit gives bids matter wake,
The various spirit forms it then must take,
Degrees of life are found in Nature's store,
Not one or two, but full many a score;
From lowest up must matter thus progress
Before it can be used for spirit's dress.
Whene'er a soul seeks on this earth a home,
The only gate is through a woman's womb;
The work of life with it doth now begin,
From matter furnished must its clothing spin.
Would mothers study, not Dame Nature spurn,
A little from the beast and insect learn,
And for the Soul pre-natal states thus form,
More perfect bodies would on earth be born.
But here again we see 'tis very true
This greater truth we can not give to you.
So little does man know of Nature's laws
He can not comprehend Effect or Cause.

A mortal wrote! He was learned in earthly lore,
A spirit now, again he writes on Nature's law,
The spirit form, he finds, from matter grew,
The Soul, the life, he nowhere brings to view.
With matter clothed, a man, he walked on earth,
With substance clothed, he's had a spirit's birth;
He walks erect, he finds himself a man!
The source of life he seeks in Nature's plan.
No form of life would Nature ever give,
No man or beast, or tree or plant, would live,
Unless with soul or life it was combined—
Dame Nature brought not forth the human mind.
One source of life will ev'ry spirit find,
And life gives form to each and every kind
That dwells on Earth, or dwells in Spiritland,
For life's a germ from the All-Father's hand;
A germ that ne'er will know decay or death,
While God doth live it still will breathe His breath.
Immortal it was, immortal 'twill be,
It will live and progress through ETERNITY.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Waiting.

BY DELMA DUSARNNE.

As I sit alone in the twilight,
Alone in the silent gloom,
Visions of fair-formed angels
Come clustering round in my room;
Some that I knew in my childhood,
Dear ones so precious to me,
And they whisper in tones, oh, so loving,
"Darling, we are ever near thee."

Oh! lonely the heart that is waiting
For words that are tender and sweet,
For the low, loving tone of endearment
In this world ever fail them to greet.
Oh! pray for those beautiful visions,
Of dear ones in angel array,
Who always are ever around us
To lead us to heaven's pure day.

And thus while we sit in the twilight,
While shadows are turning dark gray,
Our hearts so lonely in sadness
Will turn to the angels away;
To those who, like us, often suffered,
In sorrow, trial and fears,
And pray them to come oft in visions,
While we journey this valley of tears.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Strength in Weakness.

BY ALICE J. STEVENS.

Tho' the rugged way seems hard,
And tender feet oft dread it,
Yet I know that strength of soul
Is given to them that tread it.

Then let the flesh be e'er so weak,
If still the soul is strong,
We can scatter blessings along the track,
And make our lives a song.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

And, sometimes, when adown the Western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
The golden gates swing inward noiselessly
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Oh! Land unknown, oh! Land of Love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering steps of mine.
Into those pastures vernal.

The Woman of Endor.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my last GOLDEN GATE I read with pleasure your brief remarks on the disgustingly dishonest manner in which the orthodox pulpit and press treat the case of the ancient medium of Endor, when visited by King Saul for the purpose of consulting the spirit of the prophet Samuel. Some ten years ago, on seeing some allusion made to this case, it occurred to me that I would like to see what the well known Jewish writer Flavius Josephus had to say about it. I obtained a copy, and turning to the part giving the history of King Saul's reign, I was pleased to find that Josephus speaks of the woman of Endor in terms of strong commendation, and I have often looked in vain to see if some of our Spiritualistic papers would not give his view of the affair, when defending her from the puerile attacks of the clerical malignants. I would here beg leave to suggest that probably many of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE would like to have you publish Josephus' account of that seance, and as the orthodox clergy are always so ready to quote him when he sustains their view of any case, we will see how they like a dose of their own medicine.

This case, I consider, has some points worth considering. In the first place, neither in Josephus nor the Bible is the case referred to as being anything at all remarkable, which shows that it was probably quite common among them. The fact that Saul in his dire calamity, so readily sought that means of communicating with Samuel, shows that he had full confidence in the feasibility of mortals communicating with the spirits of those whe had once been on earth, through the instrumentality of persons of "familiar spirit,"now known as mediums. The fact that he could so readily find a medium when wanted, looks as though his edict that all such persons should be put to death, was, as the bard of Avon says, "more honored in the breach than the observance," and that he knew it. His edict was probably issued at the instigation of the priests, as they have always resorted to every means in their power to monopolize religion.

The Adventists, I believe, claim that it was evil spirits or devils that personated Samuel and deceived Saul. Now, Josephus nor the Bible nor anyone else but the Adventists ever dreamed of so ridiculous an explanation. If evil spirits or devils could so well personate Samuel, and if those old Jews who witnessed these things and recorded them were so easily deceived, it is extremely probable that it was devils that personated angels when talking to Abraham, Jacob, etc., etc., and it was probably devils who personated God in his interviews with Moses, and his instructions to the Jews in all their wars, and in their treatment of captives, etc., and it was devils that inspired men to write the Scriptures and perform all the various acts that have been attributed to Jehovah. It seems to me that anyone with a grain of common sense must see that if the personating theory will apply to the Endor case, it will apply as well to all other cases of communication with angels or gods. And if those old Jews were such simpletons as to be so easily imposed upon, and their opinions of so little worth in this case, their opinions, theories and writings constitute an exceedingly slim foundation to build a religion on, and the Adventists' doctrines are founded entirely upon those things. The sooner they abandon them, and come down to a study of the facts and phenomena of nature, and seek therein to learn the rdvelations of the Deity, the better for them, foı sooner or later they must learn that

"As round and round we run,
Ever the truth comes uppermost, and ever is justice done,"

even to the woman of Endor.

Yours for the truth,
ROBERT TRIMBLE,
GUERNEVILLE, Sonoma County, Cal.

Was Jesus a Myth?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I enjoy a joke even at my own expense, and therefore, am pleased when Dr. Hudson, in his article, "The Great Delusion," in the GOLDEN GATE of October 19th and 26th, says, "Madam Ruggles and her associates are like the old lady weeping over the tomb of Washington, when the gardener told her it was only the ice house." But as I was born a Unitarian, and never believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Savior, only a guide, a light and teacher, and all these years have been waiting to know the truth in relation to Jesus the Christ, the anointed, this joke matter does not fit me. For years my favorite motto has graced my dining room:

"Fair truth, for thee alone I seek,
Friend of the wise, supporter of the weak."

So let us have the truth if mortal or spirit can give it. Years ago, when I was corresponding with a dear sister in Omaha, she began to accept the trinitarian doctrine of Jesus, the Son of God and Savior in an especial sense. I had two visions where Jesus and his mother appeared to me. I asked Mary if the conception of Jesus was immaculate—answer—"No, it was a perfectly natural conception like every other child."

Gerald Massey spent twelve years in the study of Christianity, and at the close of one of his lectures on the Virgin and Christ, where his radical statements concerning Mary made me think he would be peremptorily ejected from the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, by Judge Dailey and S. B. Nichols—at the close of this lecture, I asked Gerald Massey, "Have we a Jesus?" He said, "You have heard my lecture." "Yes, but I am not sure if you have left us a Jesus." He replied, "Well, there was a wizard of that name in Judea," so after all the bewildering statements made by Gerald Massey that evening, it was something gratifying to be told we had a wizard of that name.

Dr. Dixon, an earnest and brilliant mind, said to me years ago, "There is no historical record that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed," but a few years afterward, when he had passed to spirit life, he communicated the fact through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, that "he knew there was a Jesus for he had met him," and when we hear from the spirit world that they have met with him, although there may be ten thousand spirits who are not on his plane, who have not met him, it is no authority. J. M. Roberts decided there was no Jesus, but he published a letter from me, where I say that in a communication with Robert Burns in relation to "Highland Mary," he volunteered the statement that "I didn't never meet Jean." I asked "Did you never meet your wife?" He answered, "No, we are not on the same plane." I was very much confused by the effort of "*Mind and Matter*" to put Apollonius in Jesus' place, not understanding that he was the St. Paul of the New Testament.

We rejoice that Dr. Hudson of Stockton has given us the fine quotations from spirit communications which give light on this subject. Spiritualists as a body, have been determined to ignore Jesus. Mrs. F. O. Hyser told us from the Brooklyn Spiritual platform "I have been trying for *eighteen years* to say *Jesus* before a spiritual audience, but have been repelled. I could say Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, Zoroaster and Buddha, but now I am determined to preach Jesus and his teachings."

The first reception Mr. W. J. Colville ever gave in Brooklyn, more than ten years ago, I asked his guides, "Has this planet a guardian angel?" "Yes," he answered, "the highest angel who approaches the earth is its guardian angel. Jesus and his co-workers are now about to complete the Messianic period of two thousand years, and other spirits will then have charge of this planet," or words of like import. Mrs. Richmond's guides say this planet will have twelve Messiahs; that it has had six, and will soon come into a new dispensation of Love and Justice, etc.

I am interested to have these communications through Alfred James and Cora A. Syme brought before the Spirtiualists, that they may decide upon its merits. In all the thirty-eight years I have been an active worker and listener, there has been much pro and con on this question. My attention was called to a book named "The History of the Origin of All Things," by Jesus of Nazareth, over thirty years ago. I was so overwhelmed by active work I did not read the book, although a dozen copies were laying round the house. In Western New York, a young man gave a lecture under the control of Jesus, which was printed in pamphlet form—so I could go on to enumerate various proofs of the identity of Jesus, but this must suffice for the present. Fraternally Yours,

EMILY B. RUGGLES.
492 State street, Brooklyn, Nov. 6, 1889.

"I WOULD rather go to the forest far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my wife and family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night, like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy."—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

Exemption from mistake is not the privelege of mortals; but when our mistakes are involuntary, we owe each other every candid consideration; and the man who, on discovering his errors, acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred.—*Dr. Pye Smith.*

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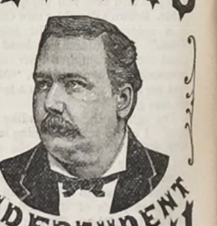


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